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A SELECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ARRANGED FOR THE PUBLIC SERVICES OF THE

Church of England.

BY THE

REV. CHARLES KEMBLE, M.A.

INCUMBENT OF ST. MICHAEL'S, STOCKWELL.

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I cannot permit this compilation, which I have been enabled by G mercy to complete after many hours of happy toil, to come before the pul without expressing my grateful thanks to Josiah Conder, Esq., the F Thomas Kelly, and James Montgomery, Esq., for the kind permiss afforded to make free use of their compositions: also to the families of late Rev. William Goode and the late Rev. E. T. Lyte, for liberty to se from Goode's "New Version," and Lyte's "Spirit of the Psalms," which they respectively own the copyright.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

St. Michael's, Stockwell,
Feb. 25th, 1853.

PSALMS.

Morning.

(C.M.) YORK.

The blessedness of the righteous.

1 HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

EASTER DAY.

2 (148TH.) DARWELL

Messiah's triumphs.

1 THOUGH sinners boldly join,
Against the Lord to rise,
Against his Christ combine,
Th' Anointed to despise;
Though earth disdain,
And hell engage,
Vain is their rage,
Their counsel vain.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns!
On Sion is his throne;
The Lord's decree sustains
His own begotten Son:
Up from the grave
He bids him rise,
And mount the skies,
With power to save.

3 Oh serve the Lord with fear,
And rev'rence his command;
With sacred joy draw near,
With solemn trembling stand;
Kneel at his throne,
Your homage bear,
His power declare,
And kiss the Son.

3 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) ROCKINGHA

God the Saviour of his people.

1 TO God I cried, my evening prayer
Humbly implor'd Jehovah's care;
He bow'd, my wishes to fulfil,
And heard me from his holy hill.

2 Then, with his guardian mercy blest,
I laid my weary frame to rest;
Sweet slumbers clos'd my peaceful eyes,
Nor foes molest, nor fears surprise.

3 Again the shades of darkness flee,
I wake, sustain'd, my God, by thee:
Thy guardian care renews my days,
And claims my morning song of praise.

4 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His vict'ry claims my highest songs:
His blessing all his saints shall share;
Then let his saints his praise declare.

SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) IRISH.

Confidence in God.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
The troublers of my peace;
And, as their numbers hourly rise,
So does their rage increase.

2 But thou, O Lord, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

3 Since whensoe'er in like distress
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

4 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing he extends to all
That on his *power* depend.

4 (C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Trust in God.

1 WHEN shades of night around me spread,
I'll all my ways rehearse,
In silent stillness on my bed,
And with my heart converse.

2 To God my sacrifice shall rise
Of righteousness and praise,
While on his name my heart relies,
And pleads the Saviour's grace.

3 "Where, where shall any good be found!"
The thoughtless many cry;
Lord, let thy light my soul surround,
And lift my triumphs high.

4 Safe in thy guardian care I close
My weary sleeping eyes:
Safe shall my slumbering dust repose,
Till thou shalt bid it rise.

5 FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

Supplication.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield defend.

SECOND VERSION. (8.8.6.) KEDRON.

Blessedness of believers.

1 WHILE yet the morning rays appear,
Thou, Lord, my earnest suit shalt hear,
My voice to thee shall rise:
I stretch my hands, by early light,
And faith, thy mercies to invite,
Looks out with longing eyes.
2 How blest are they, whose hope relies
On thee, my God! their bliss shall rise,
And run through endless days;
In shouts of joy their praise ascends,
For thine almighty arm defends
The men who trust thy grace.
3 How blest are they who love thy name!
Thy love their triumph shall inflame,
And ceaseless raptures yield:
Thy saints, with all thy mercies crown'd,
Thy endless favour shall surround,
Their everlasting shield.

THIRD VERSION. (C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Faith and prayer.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;
2 Oft to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

6 (7's.) SICILIAN.

Prayer in affliction.

1 GENTLY, gently lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God.
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim thy power to save?
Lord, my sinking soul reprieve,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

4 Lo! he comes! he heeds my plea!
Lo! he comes! the shadows flee
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit, and adore.

7 (L.M.) ST. OLAVE'S.

Providence.

1 THE Lord, in righteousness array'd,
Surveys the world his hands have made;
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
And judgment from on high ordains.

2 My God, my Shield! around me place
The shelter of the Saviour's grace;
Then, when thine arm the just shall save,
My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

ASCENSION DAY.

8 FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) ABINGDON.

God's greatness and love.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

8 SECOND VERSION. (S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Divine condescension.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so!
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

3 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A *monument of* praise.

9 FIRST VERSION. (C.M) WARWICK.

Praise for God's goodness.

1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 All those who have his goodness prov'd,
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

4 His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
Though for a time delay'd.

5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

9 SECOND VERSION. (8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Praise for God's goodness.

1 WITH my whole heart, eternal King!
Thy works, thy wondrous works, I'll sin
My praise shall reach the skies:
In thee, my Saviour, I'll rejoice,
Thy Name in praise exalts my voice,
Redeemer, God Most High!

2 Whene'er by sins and fears opprest,
A refuge, where his saints may rest,
Jehovah will afford:
In times, when threat'ning tempests roll,
A tower of refuge to the soul
Is our Almighty Lord.

3 They, who have known thy name, recline
Securely on thy arm divine;
Unchangeable in grace!
Since thou, whose mercies endless prove,
Hast ne'er forsaken of thy love
The men who seek thy face.

9 THIRD VERSION. (L.M.) JOB.

God's name the encouragement of our faith.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various, and his saving names:
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Awake our noblest powers to bless
The God of Abra'm, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son

3 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That it hath sought its God in vain.

4 To thee our souls in faith arise
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

10

(C.M.) ST. MARY'

God sought in trouble.

1 THY presence why withdraw'st thou, I
Why hid'st thou now thy face,
When dismal times of deep distress
Call for thy wonted grace?
2 Assert thy just dominion, Lord,
Which shall for ever stand;
Thou, who the heathen didst expel
From this thy chosen land.
3 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear,
That to thy throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,
And then accept'st their prayer.

11

FIRST VERSION. (148TH.) DARWELL'

Trust in God.

1 MY trust is in the Lord;
What foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird
Before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on his heavenly throne,
And he will shield and save his own.
2 The wicked may assail,
The tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in his holy shrine,
And I am strong while he his mine.
3 His flock to him is dear,
He watches them from high:
He sends them trials here
To form them for the sky:
But safely will he tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest of his sheep.

4 His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But ah! the hour is near,
When all their hopes must fail:
While, like the sun, his saints shall rise,
And shine with him above the skies.

11 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) LONDON NEW.

God's faithfulness.

1 THE Lord in heaven his throne prepares,
There all his glories shine;
Thence the whole earth his wisdom shares,
With providence divine.

2 In righteousness the righteous Lord
Hath plac'd his whole delight;
And saints his mercy shall record,
In realms of endless light.

2nd Evening.

12 (S.M.) ST. BRIDE'S.

God our trust in trouble.

1 HELP, Lord, the godly fail!
Help, Lord, the faithful flee!
And double hearts and tongues prevail
That mock at them and thee.

2 But ah! there is a voice
In this dark growth of crimes,
That bids prophetic hearts rejoice
In hope of brighter times.

3 Their rage but sooner brings
The Lord to earth again;
And safe beneath Almighty wings,
His church shall rest till then.

13 (7's.) GERMAN.

Confidence in God.

1 LORD, how long with sorrows vex'd
Daily shall my heart complain?
While my anxious soul perplex'd
Counsel takes, but takes in vain?

2 How will all my foes rejoice,
If my sinking spirit fails;
Boasting, with triumphant voice,
"See, our arm of power prevails!"

3 But on mercy I rely,
Mercy, Heavenly Lord, impart;
Mercy brings salvation nigh,
Mercy shall rejoice my heart:

4 Lord, I lift my voice in praise,
All thy bounty to adore:
From eternity thy grace
Flows, increasing evermore!

14 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) KENT.

Praise for redemption.

1 FROM heaven the mighty Lord directs
His eye the guilty race around:
Not one but sin's vile stain infects!
Not one in paths of duty found!

2 Who, then, shall save the impious race,
So stain'd with guilt, so sunk in woe?
On Calv'ry's mount behold the grace!
From Sion see salvation flow!

3 Our ransom'd souls, our joyful voice
The great Deliv'rer shall proclaim:
Let Jacob's tents aloud rejoice,
And Israel shout the Saviour's name!

14 SECOND VERSION. (7.6.) M. HAYDN'S.

Restoration of the Jews.

1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Sion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home.
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fetter'd heart.
Let Israel home returning
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy Church to thee.

3rd Morning. ASCENSION DAY.

15 (7's.) SICILIAN.

The character of Sion's inhabitants.

1 WHO shall tow'rd thy chosen seat
Turn in glad approach his feet?
Who shall at thine altars bend?
Who to Sion's hill ascend?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On that hallow'd mountain rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warm'd,
He whose will, to thine conform'd,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose word and thought are one.
He, great God, shall own thy care,
And thy constant blessing share.

16 FIRST VERSION (8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

The sympathy of Messiah.

1 PILGRIMS here on earth and strangers,
'Neath a weary load we bend,
O how sweet mid toils and dangers,
Still to have a heavenly friend!
Christ has suffer'd;
And to suff'rers grace will send.

2 Saviour, from thy heavenly glories
Here an eye of mercy cast;
Make our path still plain before us,
Smooth the wave, and still the blast.
Thou hast help'd us;
Bear us safely home at last.

16 SECOND VERSION. (L.M.) SAVOY.

Praise for redemption.

1 GLORY to thee, O Lamb of God!
Thy sacred blood atonement made,
Be thou my portion, thou my hope,
By thee the debt of sin was paid.

2 At thy right hand Jehovah stood.
Thy power achiev'd the arduous plan.
In the dark grave God's Holy One
Repos'd and rescu'd fallen man.

3 The path of life, before untried,
To thee was shewn, by thee explor'd.
O myst'ry great! man thus enjoys
Pleasures for ever with his Lord.

17 (L.M.) TRURO.

The hope of God's people.

1 WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
— And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show:
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

3rd Evening.

18 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) DOVERSDALE.

God the defender of his people.

1 NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The rock on whose defence I rest;
O'er highest heavens his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation blest.

4 Therefore to celebrate his fame
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his praise.

18 SECOND VERSION. (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Sustaining grace.

1 O GOD of truth and grace,
My Saviour and my guide,
Be with me on my earthly race,
And lead me to thy side.

2 Strength to the weak thou art;
O send me health divine;
And arm my simple, sinking heart
With righteousness of thine.

3 Thy way is good and just;
Thy word is tried and true.
Ye tremblers in your Saviour, trust;
His arm will bear you through.

4 He lives; for ever blest
My rock and refuge be!
He lives to give his people rest,
He lives to rescue me.

18 THIRD VERSION. (L.M.) ACTON.

Messiah's triumphs.

1 THE Conqu'ror rises; he ascends;
Ye saints his grand achievements sing;
Pursue his chariot to the skies,
The cherubim's extended wing.

2 Arise and conquer; lift thine arm;
With trophies deck thy blest abode,
Display thy power, thy truth, thy grace;
And bring thine enemies to God.

3 Ye heathen lands, obey, submit,
Attest the honour of His name,
Ye Gentiles, glorify your God,
Sound through the world Messiah's fame

CHRISTMAS DAY.

9 FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) UNIVERSITY.

God's glory seen in creation.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

9 SECOND VERSION. (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Praise for the gospel.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

4 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

19 THIRD VERSION. (L.M.) JOB.

God's glory in his works and word.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 [Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.]

20 (L.M.) SAVOY.

God our refuge.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace,
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
3 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong
Till the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

ASCENSION DAY.

1 (8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Messiah's exaltation.

1 RISING from his cross and passion,
Lo! the King Messiah reigns;
Lord, the strength of thy salvation
His triumphant joy sustains:
Crown'd with conquest,
Now th' eternal throne he gains.
2 Joy and triumph crown the Saviour,
Seated on the throne above;
There exalted in thy favour,
Safely trusting in thy love:
King of Sion!
Never shall thy throne remove!

ning. GOOD FRIDAY.

FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Invitation to praise God.

'E worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Israel's line,
raise the Lord, and to your praise
incere obedience join.
n shall the glad converted world
) God their homage pay;
scatter'd nations of the earth
e sov'reign Lord obey.

22 SECOND VERSION. (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Messiah's future triumphs on earth.

1 THE Saviour lives; lives to proclaim
Jehovah's glorious, awful name;
Let the great congregation raise
His grace and truth above all praise.

2 Ye seed of Jacob's honour'd race,
Your anthems bring, the triumph grace;
Ye seed of Israel, join your songs;
Praise him to whom all praise belongs.

3 A seed shall come and learn thy word,
A generation to the Lord.
The gentiles, yet far off, shall raise
Anthems of glory to thy praise.

4 The heathen lands shall bless thy name,
Thy truth, thy righteousness proclaim,
Yea; all shall come, adore and own
This mightiest work the Lord hath done.

23 FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

Trust in God's special care.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

4 Since God does thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

3 SECOND VERSION. (112TH.) CAREY'S.

God the shepherd of his people.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray;
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

23 THIRD VERSION. (C.M.) ST. ANN

Trust in God.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of deat
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode
And all my work be praise!

23 FOURTH VERSION. (S.M.) CARLISLE NE

Praise for God's care.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

3 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

3 FIFTH VERSION. (7's.) GERMAN.

Praise for supplies of grace.

1 TO thy pastures, fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tend'rest care,
'Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
Fill'd by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows.

3 Constant to my latest end
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallow'd dome
Yield me an eternal home.

Morning. ASCENSION DAY.

4 FIRST VERSION. (D.C.M.) DONCASTER.

Messiah's triumphs.

1 ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory; see, he comes
With his celestial train.
Who is this King of Glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty o'er his foes,
Eternal victor crown'd.

2 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory; see, he comes
With all his shining train.
Who is this King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

24 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) CAMBRIDGE NEW

The glory of Christ.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 Now let our souls' immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory's near.

3 The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

24 THIRD VERSION. (L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.

Ascension of Christ.

1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

2 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

3 Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

24 FOURTH VERSION. (7's.) HART'S.

The Lamb the King of Glory.

1 YE who dwell in heaven declare
Who "the King of Glory" is;
Who is first and highest there?
His the power, the kingdom his?

2 'Tis the Lamb, the Lamb alone,
Claims the title justly his;
He it is that fills the throne;
He "the King of Glory" is.

3 Blessed news! the Lamb is King:
Glorious truth! he reigns alone:
Come, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Bow before the Saviour's throne.

4 Let the world deride his claim;
Let the world refuse to bow:
Angels triumph in his name;
All in heaven adore him now.

5 Jesus, hail; whom angels sing;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain;
Reign for ever, glorious King;
Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

25 First Version. (S.M.) St. Bride's.

Prayer for mercy.

1 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame
Nor let my foes rejoice.

2 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind:
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

3 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on *me*.

25 SECOND VERSION. (S.M.) AYLESBURY

God a refuge in trouble.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod!

3 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame:
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

4 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
"He sought the Lord in vain."

26 (C.M.) ST. MARY'S

The believer cleaving to the Lord.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and try my heart,
For thou that heart canst see;
And bid each idol thence depart
That dares compete with thee.

2 Though weak and cleaving to the dust,
My soul adores thee still;
Thy grace and truth are all my trust;
O mould me to thy will!

3 O guide me in thy love and fear;
My soul on thee I cast:
I would not walk with sinners here,
Nor share their doom at last.

27 (C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Confidence in God.

1 WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?
2 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will enquire.
3 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaints receive
Nor my request deny.

28 (8.7.) SICILIAN.

Praise for salvation.

1 NOW my soul its triumph raises,
Bless Jehovah's guardian care!
He will not disdain my praises,
For his grace hath heard my prayer:
He hath all his power reveal'd,
He my strength, and he my shield!
2 When in faith on him I waited,
Then the Lord to help me fled;
Now my heart, with joy elated,
Now my tongue his praise shall spread;
He their strength, his Church to save,
Rais'd th' Anointed from the grave!
Bless thy Church, Almighty Saviour!
Let thy saints salvation know;
In the pastures of thy favour
Feed them near thy fold below,
Till thy love thy Church shall own,
Plac'd for ever round thy throne!

29

(7's.) HART'S.

The majesty of God.

1 SING, ye sons of might, O sing
Praise to heaven's eternal King;
Raise to him some new-taught song,
To his praise the note prolong.

2 Power and strength to him assign,
And, before his hallow'd shrine,
Yield the homage that his name
From a creature's lips may claim.

3 Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;
Hush'd to silence, while he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.

4 Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play,
And the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God.

5 He the swelling surge commands;
Fix'd his throne for ever stands;
He his people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

6th Morning.

30

(S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

God's mercy.

1 TO Thee, the Lord my God,
With suppliant voice I cried;
Thy grace its heavenly influence shed,
And health and strength supplied.

2 Now from the depths of hell,
The sorrows of the grave,
My soul redeem'd with joy proclaims
Thy mighty power to save.

3 Ye, who his mercy find,
Sing praises to the Lord;
Declare the honours of his name,
His holiness record!

4 A moment is his wrath,
No change his love destroys;
Short is the night when sorrow weeps,
The morning dawns with joys!

5 My glory shall adore,
Nor silent rest my tongue;
My Lord, my God, to thee I'll raise
The everlasting song!

31 First Version. (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Trust in God.

1 WHATE'ER events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

2 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

3 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

4 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed:
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in *time* of need.

31 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) ABRIDGE.

Resignation.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends
Be thou my all in all.

ASH WEDNESDAY. 6th Even.

32 (L.M.) KENT.

Pardon.

1 HOW bless'd the man, with mercy crown'
Whose sins have all forgiveness found!
Whose deep transgressions, cover'd o'er
With pard'ning blood, are seen no more!

2 How bless'd the man, to whom the Lord
Doth his own righteousness afford!
Whom mercy clears from ev'ry sin,
Whose heart conceals no guile within.

3 I made my guilt and sorrows known,
With deep contrition, at thy throne:
I said, "I'll all my sins confess:
"And seek thy grace and righteousness."

4 Scarce had my breast the thought conceiv'd
Thy grace my anxious fears reliev'd;
Cleans'd my whole soul with blood divine,
And seal'd thy pard'ning mercy mine.

5 Oh boundless love! the rich display
Shall teach the trembling lips to pray;
The penitent, with godly fear,
Shall plead, while Mercy waits to hear.

33 First Part. (C.M.) WARWICK

God's truth.

1 LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

3 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

4 By his almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

5 Let earth and all that dwell therein
Before him trembling stand;
For when he spake the word 'twas made;
'Twas fix'd at his command.

33 SECOND PART. (C.M.) YORK.

God's unchangeableness.

1 WHATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

2 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known;
Whom he from all the world besides
Has chosen for his own!

3 Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wish
On thee alone depend.

34 FIRST PART. (C.M.) BEDFORD.

God our deliverer.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all, that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

34 SECOND PART. (C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

The security of believers.

1 THE hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

2 O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How bless'd they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

3 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

7th Morning.

35 (8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Messiah's triumphs.

1 LO! the Lord, the mighty Saviour,
Quits the grave, the throne to claim;
Object of his endless favour,
God o'er all exalts his name:
Those who hate him
Cloth'd with everlasting shame.

2 Shout for joy, with songs of praises,
Ye who in his name delight;
Shout, 'tis God our Saviour raises
To his throne in endless might!
'Tis Jehovah,
Crowns our Lord in realms of light.

3 God his servant lifts to glory,
Bids him all his honours share:
Now, Jehovah, we adore thee,
And thy righteousness declare;
Endless praises
Shall his ransom'd Church prepare.

36

(L.M.) FEVER

Trust in God.

1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

7th Even

37

(113TH.) ANNIVERSARY.

Security of the righteous.

1 OBSERVE the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
While on the latter end of those,
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

2 God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord;
Their strength in time of need is he:
Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

Morning.

8 ASH WEDNESDAY. (C.M.) YORK.

Prayer in affliction.

1 THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.
2 My sins, that to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear
Too vast a burden grow.
3 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart;
Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

9 (C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Shortness of life.

1 LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end:
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.
2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cipher sums my years;
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.
3 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, *Lord*, depend.

GOOD FRIDAY.

40 (L.M.) SAVOY.

God's mercies.

1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.

2 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

3 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought!
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.

4 Thus, wretched though I am, and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care;
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

8th Evening

41 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Reward of benevolence.

1 HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distrest;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer address'd:
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
"Though I have much transgress'd."

3 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.

4 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

41 SECOND VERSION (L.M.) SAVOY.

Thankfulness.

1 O THANKFUL bless th' Almighty Lord,
The God by Jacob's sons ador'd;
With joyful hearts his love proclaim,
And praise, O praise, his holy name.

2 His fame, ere time its course began,
O'er heaven's wide region echoing ran;
To him through endless ages raise
One song of oft-repeated praise.

42 FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Thirsting for God.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
To my oppressor's scorn.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

42 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) LONDON NEW.

The afflicted remembering God.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep
Where wave resounds to wave:
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand, which now withholds my joys,
Can reinstate my peace;
And he, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on ev'ry side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.

5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod:
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

43 (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

God sought in trouble.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord; to thee I fly;
New foes and fears my spirit try;
Plead thou my cause, my soul sustain,
And let the wicked rage in vain.

2 The mourner's refuge, Lord, thou art;
Wilt thou not take thy suppliant's part?
Wilt thou desert, and lay me low,
The scorn of each insulting foe?

3 Send forth thy light and truth once more;
To thy blest house my steps restore;
Again thy presence let me see,
And find my joy in praising thee.

4 Arise, my soul, and praise him now;
The Lord is good, be faithful thou.
His nature changes not like thine;
Believe, and soon his face will shine.

9th Morning.

44 (C.M.) OXFORD.

Prayer for deliverance.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And elder times than their's:

2 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
Thou art our sov'reign King;
O therefore as thou didst to them,
To us deliv'rance bring.

45 CHRISTMAS DAY. (S.M.) FALCON STREET.

Messiah's victories.

1 HOW glows my raptur'd heart,
To speak the theme divine!
The King's high honours to impart!
Jesus, the praise is thine.

2 Mount thy triumphal car,
And prosp'rous onward ride:
Justice and truth thy way prepare,
With meekness at thy side.

Jesus, thy glorious name
My song shall now record;
And earth through distant times proclaim
Thy praise, eternal Lord!

46 First Version. (113th.) Anniversary.

God our refuge in distress.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
Though earth were from her centre toss'd,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess:
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

46 Second Version. (L.M.) Truro.

The church's safety.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints
Behold him present with his aid.

2 [Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.]

3 [Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.]

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

9th Evening. ASCENSION DAY.

47 FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) SHELDON.

Christ ascending and reigning.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honour sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens *taste his* grace.

47 SECOND VERSION. (L.M.) SAVO

God the universal King.

1 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God the universal King.

2 Your utmost skill in praise be shown
For him, who all the world commands
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lan

48 FIRST VERSION. WHIT SUNDAY. (C.M.) WARW

God the protector of his church.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is rais'd.

2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

3 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide,
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
Till death will be our guide.

48 SECOND VERSION. (S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM

The church the safety of the nation.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

4 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

49

(C.M.) IRISH.

Salvation in God alone.

1 JEHOVAH speaks; let man be awed,
And deep attention give.
Ye sinners, hear the way to God!
Ye dead, arise and live!

2 Trust not in earthly wealth and show,
Vain, vain are they to save:
Gold cannot buy release from woe,
Or ransom from the grave.

Worlds cannot reach the mighty price
Of one immortal soul.
No, Lord, thy blood and sacrifice
Alone can make us whole.

In thee be our salvation sure,
No other wealth we seek:
We're rich in thee, however poor,
And strong, however weak.

50 (8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

God's judgment.

1 LO! the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the west his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him!
Universal nature shakes!

2 To the heavens his voice ascending,
To the earth beneath he cries:
"Souls immortal now descending,
"Let the sleeping dust arise,
"Rise to judgment,
"Let my throne adorn the skies!

3 "Gather first my saints around me,
"Those who to my cov'nant stood:
"Those who humbly sought and found me
"Through the dying Saviour's blood:
"Bless'd Redeemer!
"Sweetest sacrifice to God!"

4 Now the heavens on high adore him,
And his righteousness declare:
Sinners perish from before him,
But his saints his mercy share:
Just his judgment,
God, himself the Judge, is there.

51 FIRST VERSION. (S.M.) ST. BRIDE'S.

Confession.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

4 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

1 SECOND VERSION. (L.M.) SAVOY.

Pleading for pardon.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Should save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

52

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

The Lord the portion of the righteous.

1 IN vain the powers of darkness try
To work the church's ill;
The Friend of sinners reigns on high,
And checks them at his will.

2 Let worldlings pant for worldly wealth;
Its worth his people see;
The Lord is their desire and health;
The Lord will strengthen me.

3 My trust is in his grace alone;
His house shall be my home;
How sweet his mercies past to own,
And hope for more to come!

10th Even

53

(L.M.) ANGEL'S.

Human depravity.

1 FROM heaven the mighty Lord look'd do
From heaven, his high exalted throne,
Inquiring on this world's abode,
Who understand and seek their God?

2 From his appointed righteous way,
Alas! they all are gone astray;
The ways of peace they have not known,
And none is righteous; no, not one.

3 Guilty, condemn'd, deprav'd, and lost,
Who before God hath ought to boast?
Arise, O King of Sion, rise,
And bring salvation from the skies.

4 Then shall thy saints rejoice and sing,
And each glad heart its tribute bring:
Pardon and grace shall then be given,
Peace upon earth, and joy in heaven.

54 GOOD FRIDAY. (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

God the defender of his people.

1 LO! God, my guardian, near,
Will all my foes control:
The Lord in mercy will appear
With those who help my soul.

2 My mighty foes enrag'd
His mightier arm will slay:
His truth and promise stand engag'd
His judgments to display.

3 With cheerful mind, O Lord,
I'll all thy praise proclaim:
'Tis sweet, 'tis pleasant, to record
The wonders of thy name.

4 Jesus, thy power divine
From every grief will raise,
Will all my foes to shame consign,
While I behold and praise!

55 (149TH.) SMITH'S.

Rest desired.

1 O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above!
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast.

2 Ah there the wild tempest for ever shall cease;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

3 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline,
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
O what will it be when the fulness appears.

56

(8.8.6.) KEDRON

God the refuge of his people.

1 MY God, my gracious God, to thee,
Urg'd by devouring foes, I flee,
To thee for mercy cry;
Oh view me in th' unequal fight,
Oppress'd by numbers; awed by might:
Jehovah, God most high!

2 In times when fears alarm my breast,
Still on thy faithful word I'll rest,
And there my hopes renew:
Thy word, my God, demands my praise,
In thee I'll trust thro' all my ways,
Nor fear what flesh can do.

3 For thou, my God, when shades of death
Hung round my soul, preserv'dst my breat
Though sinking to the grave:
Shall not thy hand my steps befriend?
Oh lead me, guide me, to the end,
And to thy glory save.

57

EASTER DAY. (L.M.) ACTON

Praise to God.

1 O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

3 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

58 (L.M.) ANGE

God's judgments on sinners.

1 A VERSE by nature to obey,
See from the womb the wicked stray
Their tongue its infant accents tries,
And lisps in falsehood and in lies.

2 Before the thorny blaze can rise
The bubbling cauldron to surprise,
God's angry storms shall o'er them bend,
And living to destruction send.

3 Then shall the just, no more afraid,
In judgment view his arm display'd,
Shall raise their holy triumphs high,
While sinners fall, and bleed, and die.

Evening.

(L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

God our defence.

NOW to thy power the song I'll raise,
My God; thy mercy claims my praise;
I'll lift on high my early voice,
While in thy mercy I rejoice.

In the dark day when troubles rose,
bade my soul on thee repose:
hine arm of everlasting power,
y sure defence, my refuge-tower!

o thee, my strength, the song I'll frame,
ee still my sure defence I'll claim;
d, while thy mercies endless flow,
r God, thy endless praise I'll show.

60 First Version. (L.M.) KENT.

God sought in trouble.

1 REPULS'D, dispers'd, chastis'd by thee,
O grant us, Lord, thy face to see,
And let the people, once thy care,
Again thy fav'ring presence share.

2 How trembles this divided land
Beneath the terrors of thy hand!
O thou, the God, whom we adore,
Its breaches heal, its peace restore.

3 Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
O let thy strength, great God, sustain;
And let us, on thy aid reclin'd,
In thee our firm protector find.

60 Second Version. (C.M.) ABRIDGE.

God the pilgrim's strength.

1 THROUGH foes and danger, sin and death,
A pilgrim band we move
To Canaan's promis'd land, beneath
The flag of heavenly love.

2 Almighty, omnipresent grace
Goes with us all the way;
And nothing can impede our race,
With Christ to guide and stay.

3 The empire of the world is his;
By him from Satan won:
He speaks the word, and lo, it is;
He wills, and all is done!

4 Though we are weak, the Lord is strong;
On him our hopes depend:
We cannot dwell in darkness long
While blest with such a friend!

61

(S.M.) ST. BRIDE'S.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock,
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

12th *Morning.*

62

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Security of believers.

1 ON God, my soul, with patient hope
Resign'd in silence wait;
He bears my sinking spirit up,
Then let thy hopes be great.

2 My rock! my saviour! my defence!
My everlasting stay!
Not all my foes shall pluck me thence,
Nor move my soul away.

3 God my salvation shall complete,
From him my glory springs:
Rock of my strength! my soul shall wait,
Its refuge in his wings.

4 Ye saints, whene'er with griefs oppress'd,
Recline upon his power;
Disclose to him your anxious breast:
God is our refuge-tower!

63 (8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Praise for God's guidance.

1 THY loving-kindness, O my Lord,
Can more than life itself afford,
My hands to thee I'll raise;
Long as I live, my best employ,
My soul's delight, my heartfelt-joy,
Shall be thy name to praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
My joyful soul exulting sings,
Rejoicing in my God:
Thy own right hand shall guide my way,
To follow thee to endless day,
To view thy blest abode.

3 Glorious on high Messiah reigns,
Exalted o'er the heavenly plains:
His enemies shall fall:
His saints, who serv'd with holy fear,
With him in glory shall appear,
And crown him Lord of all.

64 (7's.) HART'S.

Prayer for deliverance.

1 HEAR my voice, O God, in prayer;
Guard my life from servile fear;
From each hostile counsel hide;
Through life's dreary desert guide.

2 Then shall men thy power confess,
See thy hand, thy mercy bless;
Men shall fear, and God adore,
Own thy work, and strive no more.

3 But the just thy acts record,
Glorying only in the Lord;
They, who love and trust thy name,
Shall, with joy, thy praise proclaim.

5 First Version. (L.M.) WAREHAM.

God's mercy.

1 O THOU, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

2 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try:
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

3 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And, where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

5 Second Version. (L.M.) EVENING.

God's mercies.

1 O GOD of hosts, at Sion's gate,
Glory and praise eternal wait:
Thou hearest prayer; all flesh shall come,
And worship at thy hallow'd dome.

2 Wonders of mercy shall appear,
As answers to thy people's prayer;
While earth and seas shall hear thy voice,
Revere thy tokens, and rejoice.

3 Form'd by thy word, at thy command,
Upheld by thee, the mountains stand;
The boist'rous waves of ocean cease,
And furious tumult yields to peace.

4 See, flocks the verdant fields adorn;
See, vallies smile with bending corn;
Thy bounteous gifts diffus'd appear,
Great God! thy goodness crowns the ye[illegible]

God, the hearer of prayer. (C.M.)

1 LET all the lands with shouts o
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name
And spread his glorious praise.

2 For God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

3 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

67

FIRST VERSION.

Prayer for the enlargement of the church. (S.M.) SHIRL.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

67 SECOND VERSION. (7's.) SICILIAN.

General prayer.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill thy church with light divine:
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Be by all that live ador'd:
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At thy feet their tributes pay,
And thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford:
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above,
One in joy; and light and love.

67 THIRD VERSION. (C.M.) ST. GEORGE'S

National mercies.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace,
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.

3 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

WHIT SUNDAY.

68 FIRST PART. (L.M.)

God's power.

1 TO Him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high rolling spheres.

2 His chariots numberless, his powers
Are heavenly hosts that wait his will
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

3 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoils of armies once their dread

4 E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

5 For benefits each day bestow'd
Be daily his great name ador'd,
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

68 SECOND PART. (L.M.) ST. PANCI

Extension of Christ's kingdom.

1 TO visit Salem, Lord, descend,
And Sion thy terrestrial throne;
Where kings with presents shall attend,
And thee with offer'd crowns atone.

2 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
Her hands, and Afric homage bring;
The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth
Their common Sov'reign's praises sin

3 [How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
His strength his feeble saints supports;
To God give praise, and him alone.]

68 SECOND VERSION. (L.M.) TRURO.

The sovereignty of God.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

2 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

68 THIRD VERSION. (L.M.) SAVOY.

Prayer for heavenly gifts.

1 THE Son of Man is gone on high;
He fills his Father's throne again;
He captive leads captivity,
And wields the gifts of God for men.

2 O Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove!
Of gifts divine the first and best!
Descend on wings of peace and love,
And fix thy home in every breast.

3 Health, light, and comfort, every good,
That man can wish, or God can lend,
Are all the purchase of thy blood,
Our dying, ever-living friend!

4 In life, in death, to thee we cling;
To thee with all our wants we come;
O keep us here beneath thy wing!
O guide us soon and safely home!

68 Fourth Version. (L.M.) New Sabbath.

Praise for God's mercies.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 [He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground:
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong:
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.]

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his special love.

69 Good Friday. 13th *Evening.*

(C.M.) St. David's.

God's glory in man's salvation.

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortal's broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

4 Sion is thine, most holy God!
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood;
For thine own Israel waits.

70

(7's.) SICILIAN.

Prayer for succour.

1 HASTE, O Lord, my spirit faints;
Hear my weak, but earnest plea:
Saviour of thy trembling saints,
Haste, O haste, to rescue me.

2 Fierce and many on my soul
Rush the threat'ning powers of hell;
Roll them back, Redeemer, roll,
As the rock the ocean's swell.

3 Shame, confusion, fear, and grief,
Visit Lord, thy foes alone!
Light, and comfort, and relief
Beam for ever on thy own.

4 Help the weak, the fallen raise;
Fill the meek with joy and love;
Guide us through this earthly maze;
Land us safe at home above.

71 FIRST PART. (C.M.) BEDFORD.

God the believer's hope.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

71 SECOND PART. (C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 My feet shall travel all the length,
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father, God.

3 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

4 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

72 FIRST PART. (C.M.) YORK

Extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

1 CHRIST'S uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams,
At nature's limits end.

2 To him shall ev'ry king on earth
His humble homage pay,
And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

3 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry,
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

72 SECOND PART. (C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

All nations blessed by Christ.

1 THE mem'ry of Christ's glorious name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

2 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By ev'ry tongue confess'd.

3 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare appears.

4 et earth be with his glory fill'd,
And ever bless his Name;
hilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

72 SECOND VERSION. (148TH.) DARWELL

The world subdued to Christ.

1 FAR as the isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their off'rings round;
Arabia raise
The song divine,
And Afric join,
T' exalt his praise.

2 All princes shall adore,
And gifts and honours bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel King:
Remotest lands
Shall homage pay;
And earth obey
His high commands.

14th E

73 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) ROCKINGHA

The Lord his people's portion.

1 WHOM, Lord, in heaven, but thee al
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's no
That I besides thee can desire.

2 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

3 For they, that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall:
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

4 But as for me, 'tis good and just,
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

73 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) IRISH.

God our portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint!
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

5 [Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.]

73 THIRD VERSION. (C.M.) LONDON NEW.

God the believer's only happiness.

1 MY God, my portion and my love!
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself
I were a wretch undone.

3 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

74 (C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Past mercies pleaded in time of trouble.

1 WHY hast thou cast us off, O God?
Wilt thou no more return?
O why against thy chosen flock
Does thy fierce anger burn?

2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
The land that is thy own,
By thee redeem'd, and Sion's mount,
Where once thy glory shone!

3 O let not the oppress'd return
With sorrow cloth'd and shame;
But let the helpless and the poor
For ever praise thy name.

15th Morn

75 (L.M.) KENT.

Praise for redemption.

1 LORD, at thy feet our thanks we pay,
For all thy love has borne and done,
For all thy mercies day by day,
most of all for Christ thy Son.

2 The world beneath her load of sin
In hopeless, helpless ruin lay;
When he, the Lord of life, stepp'd in,
And snatch'd from death and hell the prey
3 'Tis thine, O Lord, to judge and save;
We live or die by thy decree;
Whate'er beside we want or have,
Lord, we are rich, if found in thee.

76 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

God's majesty.

1 THY glories, mighty God!
Alone our rev'rence claim:
Thy terrors spread abroad,
How awful is thy name!
Thine anger shown,
Thy judgments near,
Who dares appear,
Before thy throne?

2 Let man his anger raise
With persecuting rage,
His wrath shall work thy praise,
The rest thy hands assuage:
Then still obey
The' eternal King;
Your off'rings bring,
And vows repay.

3 Let all, who round his throne
With holy gifts draw near,
There lay their off'rings down,
Jehovah claims their fear:
Before his word
The world shall bow,
And princes know
Thy terrors, Lord!

77 (S.M.) ST. BRIDE'S.

Prayer in time of trouble.

1 TO God I cried aloud,
To God I pour'd my sighs,
From heaven his gracious ear he bow'd,
And listen'd to my cries.

2 Through all the mournful days,
When troubles round me spread,
I sought the Lord; I ask'd his grace;
To him for refuge fled.

3 Thy works, eternal Lord!
Shall dwell upon my heart,
And, while thy mercies I record,
I'll bid my fears depart.

15th Even.

78 (C.M.) CAMBRIDGE NEW.

Children instructed in God's works.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

3 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

16th Morn.

79 (S.M.) AYLESBURY.

Prayer for mercy.

1 THOU gracious God, and kind,
O cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind
[redacted]y justice to display.

2 Thy tend'rest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display;
And, for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away.

4 So we thy flock, thy choice,
The people of thy love,
Shall in thy care, through life, rejoice,
But praise thee best above.

80 First Version. (L.M.) Savoy.

Prayer for divine interposition.

1 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd! Joseph's Guide!
Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou, that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

2 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray:
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

3 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

4 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

80 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) BEDFORD.

Prayer for the light of God's countenance.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel! God of grace!
Thy saving health display;
Shine from thy holy dwelling-place,
And turn our night to day!

2 Shine on our inward darkness, shine;
Convert our hearts to thee;
We cast us on thy arm divine;
Arise, and set us free.

3 Beneath thy chast'ning power we pine,
And seek relief in vain;
Shine on our souls, blest Spirit, shine,
And all will smile again.

4 From light to light, from grace to grace,
O bid us onward move;
Till we behold thy glorious face
Without a cloud above.

81 (8.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

The sanctuary and the sabbath.

1 SING to the Lord, our might;
With holy fervour sing!
Let hearts and instruments unite,
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is his holy house,
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The church her sabbaths still requires
[redacted]ed her on to heaven.

4 We still like them of old
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5 Then let us open wide
Our mouths for him to fill:
And he that Israel then supplied
Will help his Israel still.

th Evening.

82 (L.M.) ANGEL'S.

Rulers accountable to God.

1 GOD in the seat of judgment stands,
And thus th' Almighty Judge commands:
"Defend the poor, the fatherless,
The needy and afflicted bless."

2 Arise, O God! with power divine;
Judge thou the earth; the right is thine;
Messiah reign, the heathen bless
With fruits of peace and righteousness!

83 (S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Divine supremacy.

1 ASSERT thy claims, O God!
Arouse thy slumb'ring powers!
And crush beneath thy conqu'ring rod
Thy enemies and ours.

2 O let the same right arm,
That help'd our sires of yore,
Preserve thy people still from harm,
And their faint hopes restore.

3 Let thy prevailing Name
Throughout the earth be known;
Put Satan and his hosts to shame,
And glorify thy own.

84 First Part. (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

God desired in the sanctuary.

1 O GOD of hosts! the mighty Lord!
How lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

4 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear

84 Second Part. (C.M.) BEXLEY.

Blessedness of public worship.

1 O LORD of hosts! my King and God!
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

2 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

3 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

4 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Are still repos'd on thee!

84 SECOND VERSION. (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Longing for the house of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length;
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

CHRISTMAS DAY.

85

(148TH.) PORTSMOUTH NEW.

Messiah's advent.

1 JESUS the Saviour's nigh
To those who fear his name;
He comes! his praise on high
Let all his church proclaim!
His footsteps still
On earth shall stand,
And all the land
His glory fill.

2 His righteousness alone
Prepares his wondrous way;
He rises to his throne
In realms of endless day!
His steps we trace,
His path pursue,
And, heaven in view,
Adore his grace.

17th Morn

86

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Prayer for divine direction.

1 TO my complaint, O Lord, my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

2 Thou, Lord, art good; nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

3 Teach me thy way, O Lord! and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my heart!

4 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God!
Praise thee with heart sincere;
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal trophies rear.

87 FIRST VERSION. (8.7.) BENEDICTION.

Glory of the church.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour! if of Sion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy Name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Sion's children know.

87 SECOND VERSION. (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

The church's stability.

1 THE church of God below
Is like his church above,
Safe shielded from her ev'ry foe
By heavenly power and love.

2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest;
And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent guest.

3 He loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer:
And none that humbly on him waits
Shall fail to find him there.

4 The church of God below
Shall yet more honour'd be;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.

5 O blest and favour'd men,
That in her courts are born
Their life but sets to rise again
In heaven's eternal morn.

88 GOOD FRIDAY. (L.M.) ROCKINGHAM.

Prayer in distress.

1 GOD of my life, my days, my breath!
Thy mercies I will still declare;
Thy wonders shall be known in death,
Thine arm shall prove its triumphs there.

2 Bereft of strength, to thee I call;
My hands are stretch'd to thee to save;
Forgotten 'midst the dead I fall,
Sunk by affliction to the grave.

3 Thy promis'd aid my soul implores,
Thine hand from lowest depths can raise:
Thy faithfulness my life restores,
And fills my heart with joy and praise.

17th Evening. CHRISTMAS DAY.

89 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) ST. OLAVE'S.

Praise for God's favour.

1 THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

3 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone
The world and all that it contains
Their maker and preserver own.

89 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) ABRIDGE.

Blessedness of hearing the gospel.

1 BLESS'D are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns!
Thy God for ever lives!

90 First Version. (C.M.D.) St. Matthew's.

God our defence.

1 OUR God, our help, in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

90 Second Version. (C.M.) Brunswick.

Life's uncertainty.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race!
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place;

2 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made!
And when thou speak'st the word, "Return,"
'Tis instantly obey'd!

3 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd!

4 To satisfy and cheer our souls
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend!

91 (113TH.) ANNIVERSARY.

God the protector of his people.

1 HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
"He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide."

2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence:
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

92 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) KENT.

The church God's garden.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand!
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar, fresh and green!

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

92 SECOND VERSION. (L.M.) JOB.

The Lord's day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night!

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

18th *Evening.*

93 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

God's unchangeableness.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity!

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high!
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure!
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

93 SECOND VERSION (149TH.) HANOVER.

Thanksgiving.

1 YE servants of God! your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All honour, and power, and wisdom, and might,
All glory and blessing, with angels above,
And strength never-ceasing, and infinite love!

94 (C.M.) YORK.

God present with saints in trouble.

1 BLESS'D is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise!

2 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

95 First Version. (L.M.) DOVERSDALE.

Adoration.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs.

3 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall!

95 Second Version. (S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Invitation to praise.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord!
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

6 First Version. (P.M.) St. Clement's.

The world exhorted to praise God.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd.
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

2 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore.
Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

3 For joy let fertile vallies sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state
His circuit through the earth to take.
From heaven to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

96 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) DEVIZES.

Messiah's advent.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness;
And send his truth abroad.

97 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) ANGEL'S.

Christ reigning.

1 HE reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains!
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown!
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh!

7 SECOND VERSION. (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Grace and glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

3 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

th Evening.

8 FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

God's power and faithfulness.

1 SING to the Lord a new made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

98 Second Version. (8.7.4.) Helmsley

Praise to the church's King.

1 SHOUT aloud, and hail the Saviour,
Jesus Lord of all proclaim!
As ye triumph in his favour,
All ye lands declare his fame:
Loud rejoicing,
Shout the honours of his name!

2 With the harp's sweet notes combining
Psalms of endless honours sing;
Loud the silver trumpet joining;
And the sounding cornet bring;
Hail the Saviour,
Let his church adore their King.

3 Let the sea, its billows roaring,
Pour its fulness at his feet:
Nature prostrate; all adoring,
Let his works before him meet;
All ye nations
Worship; and the Saviour greet.

4 [Let the noisy floods ascending
Clap their joyful hands on high;
Lofty hills, your summits bending,
While the Saviour bends the sky;
Bow before him,
Lo! th' incarnate God is nigh.]

5 O'er the earth our Jesus reigning
Shall his church with grace uphold;
But again, his power maintaining,
See the Judge the heavens unfold:
All the nations
Shall his righteousness behold!

99 (S.M.) FALCON STREET.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Sion is his throne;
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

100 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) SAVOY.

Exhortation to praise.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto,
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

100 Second Version. (L.M.) Savoy.

Exhortation to praise.

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

100 Third Version. (L.M.) Denmark.

Praise for creation.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

101 (L.M.) KENT.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

1 I SING of judgment and of grace,
And, Lord, to thee my song address.
I tell thee what I fain would be;
The change, I know, must spring from thee.

2 Blest Spirit, in my heart abide!
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside!
And bid me walk in peace and love
With men on earth, with God above.

20th Morning. ASH WEDNESDAY.

102 FIRST PART. (C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Prayer for the church.

1 WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

3 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face;
For now her time is come, thy own
Appointed day of grace.

4 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

102 Second Part. (C.M.) Crowle.

God's unchangeableness.

1 MY days, just hast'ning to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.

2 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The mem'ry of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

3 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heaven
With wondrous skill have made.

4 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.

103 First Version. First Part. (S.M.) Shirland.

Praise for abounding grace.

1 MY soul repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

103 Second Part. (s.m.) Carlisle New.

The perpetuity of God's love.

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

3 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

103 Second Version. (l.m.) Angel's.

Praise for mercy.

1 MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

4 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd,
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always lov'd.

104 First Version. Whit Sunday. (L.M.) Job.

God praised for his works.

1 ETERNAL Lord! thy glories claim
The tribute of immortal fame:
Thy boundless works with endless joy
Thine own eternal mind employ.

2 Long as I live, all-bounteous Lord!
My song thy glories shall record:
Thy praise, my God! shall fill the strain,
While life or being shall remain.

3 Sweet are the thoughts which fill my breast,
When on thy various works they rest:
God my Creator lifts my voice;
In God my Saviour I rejoice.

104 Second Version. (113th.) Anniversary

Praise for God's truth and goodness.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

105

(C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

Joy in God.

1 O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their heart o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

3 Seek ye the Lord; his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

21st Evening.

106

(L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

Praise for God's mercy.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Still save us, Lord, and Israel's bands
Together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy praise.

4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd:
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens; Praise ye the Lord.

107 First Part. (C.M.) BEDFORD.

Praise for providential mercies.

1 TO God above from all below
Let hymns of praise ascend;
Whose blessings unexhausted flow,
Whose mercy knows no end.

2 But chief by those his name be bless'd
To whom his aid he gave;
Beheld them by the foe oppress'd,
And reach'd his arm to save.

3 Behold them o'er the desert stray,
A helpless, hopeless train:
Some city, where their steps to stay,
They seek, but seek in vain.

4 Distress'd, to God they make their prayer;
He guides, directs their feet;
And, safe in his protecting care,
They reach their destin'd seat.

5 O then, that all would bless his Name,
Whose mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love!

107 Second Part. (C.M.) LONDON NEW

Preservation in perils by sea.

1 WHO o'er the waves from shore to shore
The gifts of commerce bear,
The wonders of the deep explore,
And own that God is there.

2 By these his works are seen; his ways
By these are understood;
He speaks the word; the storm obeys,
And rising lifts the flood.

3 Distress'd, to God they make their prayer;
Obedient to his will,
The storms that rag'd their rage forbear,
The seas that roar'd are still.

4 [Each grief, each fear, at once resign'd,
They see their labour o'er;
Then, led by him, their haven find,
And touch the wish'd-for shore.]

5 O then, that all would bless his Name,
Whose mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love!

107 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

The traveller's hymn.

1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence!

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

3 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul *to* thee.

107 THIRD VERSION. (L.M.) KENT.

Christians led to heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts; his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

3 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

107 FOURTH VERSION. (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

The extension of Messiah's kingdom.

1 WITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat,
His goodness and his ways
Through all the earth repeat.
His mercy rose
Ere time was known,
And from his throne
Eternal flows!

2 Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
To you the strains belong,
His boundless grace record,
In a triumphant song:
That mercy tell,
Whose power display'd
Your ransom paid,
From death and hell.

3 He bade his light arise,
And sent his gospel forth;
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north:
His sov'reign grace
Its power imparts,
And willing hearts
His truth embrace.

4 O then that men would raise
Their tribute to his Name,
Would speak Jehovah's praise,
His goodness to proclaim:
His wonders show;
Wonders of grace;
Which round our race
Abundant flow!

d Evening. ASCENSION DAY.

98 (C.M) ABINGDON.

God's goodness praised.

1 O GOD! my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord!
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell.

3 Be thou, O God! exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

109

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Prayer in adversity.

1 O GOD! whose former mercies make
My constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
With wonted favour view.

2 Now for thy glorious Name, O God!
Do thou deliver me;
And, for thy gracious mercy's sake,
Preserve and set me free.

3 Then I to God, in grateful thanks,
My cheerful voice will raise;
And, where the great assembly meets,
Set forth his noble praise.

CHRISTMAS DAY. 23rd Morning

110

(148TH.) PORTSMOUTH NEW.

The Saviour's exaltation.

1 JESUS, ascend thy throne,
And all thy foes dismay!
Where'er thy power is shown
Thy people shall obey;
Thy sov'reign hand
Its grace imparts
And willing hearts
Adoring stand.

2 Thy grace disclos'd anew
A num'rous seed shall yield,
As drops of morning dew,
Which glitter o'er the field:
Eternal Lord!
Oh, haste the day,
Thy power display,
And own thy word.

3 At thy right hand, my God,
I see the Saviour rise;
He spreads his power abroad,
Who dares oppose him dies:
The Gentile lands
Shall own his sway,
And kings obey
His high commands.

EASTER DAY.

111

(L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

God's great goodness.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

3 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

4 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree
For ever to remain the same;
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.

5 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
Must with the fear of God begin;
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they, who know and do his will.

112 (L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.

Blessedness of trust in God.

1 BLEST is the man who knows the Lord,
Who joys to work his holy will;
He rests on God's unchanging word;
And finds it food and counsel still.

2 His heart is fix'd. He learns to rise
Above this little world of tears;
And, strong in One beyond the skies,
He smiles at earthly foes and fears.

EASTER DAY.

113 (P.M.) ANNIVERSARY.

Exhortation to praise the divine condescension.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

EASTER DAY.

114

(8.8.6.) KEDRON.

The majesty of God.

1 WHEN Israel's tribes, in firm array,
From Egypt's coasts pursu'd their way,
Where a strange tongue they heard;
Jehovah, Majesty divine,
In Judah bade his presence shine,
And Israel own'd their Lord.

2 Tremble, thou earth, before the Lord;
His presence, in his church ador'd,
Shall save his chosen race:
Forth from the flint the fountains broke
At his command; and Christ our rock
Pours endless streams of grace!

115

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

God alone worthy of praise.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bless'd Lamb! be glory given;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carried on in heaven.

2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
Eternal anthems sing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise;
Like them we never should be tired,
But love the sacrifice.

4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays:
And, when we reach thy Father's throne,
We'll give *thee nobler* praise.

116 (C.M., LONDON NEW.

Thanksgiving for deliverance.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
2 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.
3 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

117 (L.M.) DENBIGH.

Praise from all nations.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

118 EASTER DAY. (C.M.) UNIVERSITY.

Christ the sure foundation.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Sion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the Name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes.

24th Evening.

119 FIRST PART. (C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Prayer for divine direction.

1 O that my ways were form'd aright,
And guided by thy will,
Till all my best desires unite
Thy statutes to fulfil!

2 Then shall my anxious fears depart,
Nor shame my face o'erspread,
When all thy precepts guide my heart,
By holy influence led.

3 I'll praise thee, O Eternal Lord!
With gratitude sincere,
When thou hast taught me in thy word,
And made thy judgments clear.

119 SECOND PART. (C.M.) BEDFORD.

The word of God the guide of youth.

1 HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

2 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

3 Secur'd by that my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name:
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame!

119 Third Part. (L.M.) Savoy.

The preciousness of God's word.

1 THOU God of Truth! indulgent look,
Remember what thy word hath spoke;
Oft has that word, when sorrows spread,
Rais'd from the dust my drooping head!

2 Thy Name, my Saviour and my Lord,
Rich treasure in my mem'ry stor'd,
'Midst midnight glooms has fix'd my mind,
While to thy laws my heart inclin'd.

3 Thus with thy light and presence blest,
Sweet peace again has fill'd my breast,
Dispers'd the shades, and cheer'd the night,
For in thy precepts I delight.

119 Fourth Part. (C.M.) St. James'.

Praise for providential mercies.

1 O LORD, my God! my portion thou
And sure possession art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

2 With me, thy servant, thou has dealt
Most graciously, O Lord!
Repeated benefits bestow'd
According to thy word.

3 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd
Thy precepts to obey.

4 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

119 Fifth Part. (C.M.) London New.

God's unchangeableness.

1 FOR ever, and for ever, Lord!
Unchang'd thou dost remain:
Thy word establish'd in the heavens
Does all their orbs sustain.

2 Through circling ages, Lord! thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thy almighty hand.

3 How sweet are all thy words to me!
O what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!

119 Sixth Part. (L.M.) Kent.

Sanctified affliction.

1 FATHER! I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
That brought my wand'ring soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord!
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

4 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

119 SEVENTH PART. (C.M.) ABRIDG

The benefits of God's word.

1 MY hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou, O Lord!
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

2 Thy word is to my feet a lamp
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

3 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays;
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.

4 Thy righteousness shall then endure,
When time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.

119 EIGHTH PART. (C.M.) ST. ANN

Desires after holiness.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my wa
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part!

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
'ıis soul of mine!

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere!
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear!

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep!

6 Make me to walk in thy commands!
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God!

119 NINTH PART. (C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

Instruction from God's word.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

119 TENTH PART. (C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Support under affliction.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send!
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

4 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119 ELEVENTH PART. (C.M.) IRISH.

Prayer for quickening grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine!
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine!

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

119 TWELFTH PART. (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Prayer for restoration.

1 MY God! my steps have wander'd far,
And left my tender Shepherd's care,
Like sheep which from the pasture stray,
Nor e'er retrace their wand'ring way.

2 Thy lost, thy erring sheep restrain,
And bear me to thy fold again,
'Midst fields with heavenly pastures stor'd!
For I have not forgot thy word.

27th Morning.

120 (C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

The pilgrim longing for home.

1 ON God I've call'd in trouble's hour,
And never call'd in vain:
Again afflictions round me lower;
Lord, hear and help again!

2 A stranger's lot, a pilgrim's fare,
Is all I meet below;
In ev'ry sweet I find a snare;
In ev'ry smile a foe.

3 Ah, woe is me, that I must roam
So long this land of tears!
When shall my spirit reach her home,
Above all foes and fears?

4 There is a peace that none can break,
A joy that ne'er shall flee;
When shall I lay me down to wake
To these, O Lord, and thee?

121 (C.M.) BEDFORD.

God the keeper of his people.

1 TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care that Israel guards
Will Israel's monarch keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

122 (8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Worship in the house of God.

1 THE festal morn, my God! is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing step thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 E'en now to our transported eyes
Fair Sion's towers in prospect rise;
Within her gates we stand;
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Beheld her happy sons unite
friendship's firmest band.

3 Hither from Judah's utmost end
The heaven-protected tribes ascend;
Their off'rings hither bring;
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

4 Be peace by each implor'd on thee,
O Salem, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray!
How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

122 Second Version. (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Worship in the sanctuary.

1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls!
The Christian to the house of prayer!
I love to stand within its walls,
For thou, O Lord, art present there!

2 I love to tread the hallow'd courts
Where two or three for worship meet;
For thither Christ himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love;
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

4 Within these walls may peace abound,
May all our hearts in One agree!
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace *and concord* ever be!

122 THIRD VERSION. (C.M.) YORK.

Public worship.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Sion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

4 My soul shall pray for Sion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

123 (L.M.) WAREHAM.

Prayer in affliction.

1 O THOU, who dwell'st (a wondrous height
High o'er the heav'ns, enthron'd in light
To thee our humble prayers arise,
To thee we lift our waiting eyes!

2 Though by thy sov'reign hand chastis'd,
On earth afflicted and despis'd,
O God, thy mercy we implore!
Thy mercy to our souls restore!

3 The men, whom power and pomp adorn
In sensual ease, thy people scorn:
The proud our joys and hopes deride,
[illegible] thy mercy we confide!

124

(S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

God the protector of the weak.

1 THE Lord is on our side,
We need not feel alarm;
With him to guard, with him to guide,
What enemy can harm?

2 Before, when like a flood
Our foes upon us rose,
The Lord has o'er the tempest stood,
And awed it to repose.

3 The Lord maintains our cause;
His interposing care
Has snatch'd us from the lion's jaws,
And burst the fowler's snare.

4 Though poor and helpless we,
Th' Almighty can defend;
The world is his, and he, yea he,
Will help us to the end.

125

(C.M.) DR. HAYES' 127TH.

God our strength.

1 AS firm as Sion's rock are they
Who trust in Sion's King;
They find a sure and lasting stay
Beneath his shelt'ring wing.

2 The hills do not Jerusalem
More safely round enclose,
Than heavenly arms encircle them,
And shield them from their foes.

3 Lord, by a safe and pleasant path,
Thy flock to Sion lead!
And while the froward feel thy wrath,
Thy people *bless* and feed!

126

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

The convert's prayer.

1 WHEN Jesus to my rescue came,
And set my spirit free,
It seem'd at first some happy dream
Of all I long'd to see.

2 My heart with raptures sweet and strange,
My lips with song, o'erflow'd;
And all around beheld the change,
And own'd the hand of God.

3 "The Lord," they said, "great things has done,"
"Yea, things," I cried, "divine,"
Then perfect, Lord, thy work begun,
And make me wholly thine!

4 Thrice happy they in tears that sow,
To reap in joy and love!
That drop their seed on earth below,
And find their sheaves above!

127

(8.8.6.) KEDRON.

Temporal blessings.

1 VAIN is the builders' toil and care
The well-framed structure to prepare,
If God his aid deny;
Who can secure the city keep?
In vain the watch refuse to sleep,
Without Jehovah's eye!

2 'Tis vain to rise ere morning light,
With lengthen'd cares curtail the night,
And eat the bread of grief:
He loves his saints; in calm repose
He bids sweet sleep their eyelids close,
Is a kind relief.

3 Lo! from the Lord, a num'rous seed,
The noblest heritage, proceed;
He grants the just desires;
As arrows in the mighty hand,
The youthful race in order stand,
The glory of their sires.

4 Happy the man whose quivers stor'd
To fulness by the bounteous Lord!
His honours shall be great:
While round his duteous bands appear,
He meets the foe without a fear,
Exulting in the gate.

128 (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Family blessings.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come:
The Lord, who dwells on Sion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

4 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking Church arise,
Then *leave the* world in peace.

129

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

A believer's trials and perseverance.

1 HOW many, Lord, my fall have sought,
And tried me from my birth!
The heir of heaven, I see, must not
Expect his joys on earth.
2 Yet foes and snares have joined in vain
My steadfastness to move;
A monument I still remain
Of thy unchanging love.

130

ASH WEDNESDAY. (S.M.) AYLESBURY.

Prayer in trouble.

1 FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice
And graciously reply!
2 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word!
3 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succour flows.

131

(7's.) GERMAN.

Humility.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my master, be
Rooted in humility!
2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child:
[redacted]with all the Lord provides;
[redacted]m all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee!
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore!

28th Morning. CHRISTMAS DAY.

132 (O.M.) LONDON NEW.

Opening of public worship.

1 ARISE, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word!
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows!
Here let thy praise be spread!
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread!

4 [Here let the Son of David reign!
Let God's anointed shine!
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine!

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame *confound* his foes!]

133 First Version. (7's.) Sicilian.

Christian union.

1 'TIS a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree,
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above;
Acting each a christian part,
One in lip, and one in heart.

2 Gently as the dews distil
Down on Sion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Bright'ning and refreshing all;
Such is christian union, shed
Through the members from the Head.

133 Second Version. (C.M.) Bedford.

Brotherly love.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love!

3 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glow!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
[illegible] glow with love.

134

(8.M.) SHIRLAND.

Praise for God's goodness.

1 BEHOLD His wondrous grace
And bless Jehovah's name!
Ye servants of the Lord, his praise
By day and night proclaim!

2 Ye who his courts attend,
There lift your hands on high,
And let your songs of praise ascend,
In strains of sacred joy!

3 He form'd the earth below,
He form'd the heavens his throne:
His grace from Sion he'll bestow,
And pour his blessings down.

135

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Praise by the church.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim!

2 Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care,
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair!

3 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valu'd treasure takes.

4 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim!
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his *holy* Name!

136 First Version. (148th.) Portsmouth New.

Praise for God's ceaseless mercies.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great!
For God does prove Our constant friend;
His boundless love Shall never end.

2 By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens by his command,
Were to perfection brought:
For God does prove, &c.

3 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God does prove, &c.

4 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove, &c.

136 Second Version (148th.) Darwell's.

Praise for God's eternal love.

1 TO God, who reigns above,
Your thankful tribute raise!
His goodness and his love
Surmount your highest praise:
His mercy rose
Ere time was known,
And from his throne
Eternal flows.

2 He saw our ruin'd race
In guilt and bondage lie,
And sent, in sov'reign grace,
Redemption from on high:
His mercy rose, &c.

3 'Tis he our food provides;
By him all nature lives:
But, to his saints besides,
He life eternal gives:
His mercy rose, &c.

4 To God in heaven above
Your thankful tribute raise,
His goodness and his love
Surmount your highest praise!
His mercy rose, &c.

136 THIRD VERSION. (L.M.) SAVOY.

Praise for God's grace.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song!

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown!
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song!

4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads *us to his* heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

137 First Version. (L.M.) KENT.

Israel in captivity.

1 WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

3 O Salem! our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move

4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song!

137 Second Version. (S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

The pilgrim longing for home.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit come,
And speed me to my rest!

2 Upon thy willows long
My harp has silent hung,
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Sion! droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road,
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near!
On thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

137 THIRD VERSION. (L.M.) ST. PETER'S.

The Christian desiring heaven.

1 O SION! when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove,
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Sion's sacred walls I sigh;
To Sion all the ransom'd come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 While here, I walk on hostile ground;
The few that I can call my friends
Are like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 But yet we shall behold the day,
When Sion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we wander far from home,
In Sion *soon we all* shall meet.

138 First Version. (C.M.) LINCOLN.

Assurance founded on God's past mercies.

1 WITH my whole heart, my God and King!
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat;
And, with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclind'st thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

4 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my foes disarm;
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.

5 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And, mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

138 Second Version. (L.M.) ST. OLAVE'S.

Praise for restoring and preserving grace.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise,

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord!
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show!

3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive!

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

29th Morning.

139 First Version. (L.M.) Rockingham.

God's omniscience.

1 THOU, Lord! by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me!

2 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand!
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

3 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?

4 Search, try, O God! my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me *in thy* perfect way!

139 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) BEXLEY.

Praise for God's countless mercies.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise!
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee!

140 (L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.

God the defender of his people.

1 THE christian, like his Lord of old,
Must look for foes and trials here;
Yet may the weakest saint be bold,
With such a friend as Jesus near.

2 The lion's roar need not alarm,
O Lord! the feeblest of thy sheep;
The serpent's venom cannot harm,
While thou art nigh to watch and keep.

3 Before, when dangers round me spread,
I cried to thee, Almighty Friend!
Thou cover'dst my defenceless head;
And shall I not on thee depend?

4 O Refuge of the poor and weak!
Regard thy suff'ring people's cry;
Humble the proud, uphold the meek,
And bring us safe to thee on high!

141

(7's.) GERMAN.

Prayer for holiness.

1 LORD, my spirit flies to thee,
Haste, O haste, to succour me!
Let my prayer accepted rise,
Like a holy sacrifice!

2 Guard my lips; let no offence
Smite thy hallow'd ear from thence;
And, to keep my hands from sin,
Purify my heart within!

3 Let the righteous kindly chide,
When they see me step aside;
And while they my thoughts condemn,
Make me love and pray for them!

4 Many are my snares and foes;
Vain my efforts to oppose,
Lord, mine eyes are unto thee;
Haste, O haste, to succour me!

29th Evening.

142

(L.M.) EVENING.

God the hearer of prayer.

1 THE Lord shall hear my humble prayer,
To him my heart disclos'd its care;
I'll pour my sorrows at his seat,
And all my griefs and fears repeat.

2 Hopeless on earth, by all forsook,
Jesus, my Lord, to thee I look!
"Thou art my refuge here," I cry,
"My portion in the worlds on high."

3 O bow attentive to my prayer!
Else shall I sink in deep despair;
Let all my foes, too strong for me,
Own my *Almighty Friend* in thee!

143 Ash Wednesday. (C.M.) Bedford.

Prayer for mercy.

1 WHENE'ER the morning lights the skies,
Thy beams, O Lord, display!
And let thy loving-kindness rise,
To bless the early day!

2 In thee I trust, thy light afford,
And let my path be known,
I lift my soul to thee, my Lord,
My prayer before thy throne!

3 Thou art my God, thy will express,
And teach me to obey:
And let thy Spirit, rich in grace,
Direct me in thy way!

4 O raise me to the life divine,
My Saviour's name I plead!
And, Lord, since righteousness is thine,
From ev'ry trouble lead!

5 Let mercy all my foes subdue;
(Thy mercy I'll adore;)
Nor sense, nor sin, their arts renew,
To vex thy servant more!

30th Morning.

144 First Version. (C.M.) St. James'.

God our helper.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144 Second Version. (8.8.6.) St. Michael's.

God the Saviour of his people.

1 BLEST be Jehovah, mighty Lord!
Through whom the faithful wield the sword,
And all their conquests gain;
Guarded by his almighty power,
Their fortress, shield, defence, and tower,
They rise with him to reign.

2 Bow down thy heavens, O Lord, come down!
The billows swell; thine arm alone
Can stay th' impetuous wave:
O'erwhelming waters sink my soul;
Stretch forth thy hand, my foes control,
Omnipotent to save!

3 Awake, my heart! awake, my tongue!
Sing to the Lord a new-made song!
Salvation he hath given:
Our garners full our praise demand,
Perpetual mercies fill our hand:
Praise ye *the Lord of* heaven!

WHIT SUNDAY.

145 FIRST VERSION. (C.M.) ABRIDGE.

God's majesty.

1 THEE I'll extol, my God and King!
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

2 The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

3 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

4 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!

5 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his Name.

145 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) CAMBRIDGE NEW.

God's goodness.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing!

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good!

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim:
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy Name.

146 First Version. (C.M.) University.

Trust in God.

1 O PRAISE the Lord! and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name!
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

2 Thrice happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes!
Who still, with well-placed hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

3 The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

4 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King;
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all *his praises sing*!

146 Second Version. (8.8.6.) Kedron.

Praise for God's sovereignty.

1 NOW let the church, in strains of praise,
Their tribute to Jehovah raise!
My soul the triumph join!
Long as I live I'll praise my King,
Till with immortal powers I sing
Where all his glories shine.

2 Happy the man, whose hopes recline
On Israel's God! with power divine
He stretch'd the heavens above;
He spread the seas; he form'd the land;
He fill'd their stores; his truth shall stand
Unchanging as his love.

3 The Lord Jehovah ever reigns;
Sion! thy God thy cause maintains,
Nor shall his throne remove;
From age to age exalt his praise;
His church a nobler song shall raise,
In brighter worlds above.

30th Evenin

147 First Version. (C.M.) Warwick.

Praise for God's care of his people.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame!
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy Name.

2 His holy city God will build,
Though levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispers'd
Through all the nations round.

3 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address;
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars,
And does their children bless.

4 By him his statutes and decrees
To Jacob's sons were shown;
And still to Israel's chosen seed
His righteous laws are known.

147 SECOND VERSION. (C.M.) ST. GEORGE'S

The seasons of the year.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high!
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

4 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With *songs and* honours, sounding loud,
*Praise ye the sov'*reign Lord!

148 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Universal praise.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame!
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise!

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay!
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air!

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came!
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
*De*serves our endless praise.

Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

5 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise!

149 First Version. (S.M.) Carlisle New.

Praise for God's goodness to his church.

1 EXALT Jehovah's name,
In a new song of praise!
Amidst th' assembled saints proclaim
The wonders of his grace!

2 Let Jew and Gentile join
Their Maker's power to sing;
And all the church on earth combine,
To triumph in their King.

3 To him his saints are dear,
And in his love they rest;
How beauteous shall the meek appear
In his salvation dress'd!

4 He'll bring his church with joy
To glory in the skies:
And *praise shall all* their powers employ,
When from the grave they rise.

149 Second Version. (149th.) Smith's.

Thanksgiving.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing!
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion be glad in their King!

2 By angels in heaven of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons, one God ever bless'd,
As it has been, now is, and always shall be!

149 Third Version. (149th.) Hanover.

General thanksgiving.

1 PREPARE a new song, Jehovah to praise,
Amidst the full throng, his honours to raise:
O Israel, for ever thy Maker adore,
Exult in thy Saviour, thy King, evermore!

2 Encircling his throne, with sacred delight,
Let Jesus alone your praises invite:
Your voices combining, touch ev'ry sweet string,
In harmony joining, the Saviour to sing!

3 Ye saints of the Lord, as round him ye stand,
His two-edged sword, his word, in your hand,
To sound his high praises your voices employ!
To vict'ry he raises, and crowns you with joy.

4 In vengeance he comes; the nations draw near;
His throne he resumes; his judgments appear:
Their kings shall adore him, nor princes rebel,
And sinners before him sink trembling to hell.

5 Then, rais'd from the dust, his church shall proclaim,
"Thy judgments are just, and faithful thy Name:"
This honour for ever his saints shall attend,
Let praise to the Saviour in triumph ascend!

150 FIRST VERSION. (L.M.) SAVOY.

Exhortation to praise God.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows!
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows!

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done!
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run,

3 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ:
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord!

150 SECOND VERSION. (7's.) GERMAN.

Universal praise.

1 PRAISE, O praise the Name divine!
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine!
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply!

2 Let the organ in his praise,
Learn its loudest note to raise,
And the cymbal's varying sound
From the vaulted roof rebound!

3 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And *in one great* chorus join!
Praise, O praise the name divine!

150 THIRD VERSION. (7's.) HART'S

Exhortation to praise God.

1 PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love!

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth!
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord! his mercies trace!
Praise his providence and grace!
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son!

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts!
All that breathe, your Lord adore!
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

HYMNS.

1st *Sunday in Advent.*

1 (C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

Christ's advent anticipated. Matt. xxi. 9.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour co
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song!

2 He comes! the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes! from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim!
And *heaven's* eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

2 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

The second advent anticipated. Rom. xiii. 12.

1 THE night is now far spent,
And day comes on apace;
The veil will soon be rent,
That hides the Saviour's face;
The clouds that now obstruct our sight
Will all be quickly put to flight.

2 Ye saints lift up your heads,
Salvation draweth nigh;
See where the morning spreads
Its radiance through the sky;
O let the sight your spirits cheer;
The Lord himself will soon appear.

3 Though men your hope deride,
Nor will themselves believe;
Yet in his word confide,
Who never can deceive;
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
The saints shall see a glorious day.

4 For you the Lord intends
A bright abode on high;
The place where sorrow ends,
And naught is known but joy:
With such a hope, ye saints, rejoice;
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice.

3 (C.M.) DEVIZES.

The second advent. Rev. xxii. 20.

1 "BEHOLD, I come," the Saviour cries,
"On wings of love I fly;"
So come, dear Lord, my soul replies,
And bring salvation nigh!

2 Come, plead thy Father's injur'd cause,
And make thy glory shine!
Come rouse thy servants' mould'ring dust,
And their whole frame refine!

3 O come, amidst th' angelic host
Their humble names to own;
And bear the full assembly back
To dwell around thy throne!

4 With winged speed, Redeemer, come,
Bring on th' illustrious day!
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint
Beneath thy long delay!

4 (C.M.) WARWICK.

Israel's future glory. Isa. ii. 2—6.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to his house we'll go."

3 The beam that shines from Sion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at his shrine!
And, *walking in the* light of God,
With holy beauties shine!

5 (L.M.) CHESTERFIELD

Prayer for Christ's coming. Rev. xxii. 20.

1 JESUS, thy church with longing eyes
For thine expected coming waits!
When will the promis'd light arise,
And glory beam from Sion's gates?

2 O come and reign o'er ev'ry land!
Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd!
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world!

3 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour!
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power!

6 (C.M.) IRISH

Praise to the Redeemer. Luke i. 68.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

2nd Sunday in Ac

7 (C.M.) ABRIDGE

Excellency of the Scriptures. Rom. xv. 4.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy Name ador'd,
For these celestial lines!

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near!
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

8 (8.7.) VIENNA.

Christ the hope of the world. Rom. xv. 12.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee!
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art!
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart!

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone!
By *thine all-sufficient* merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne!

9 (8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

The judgment. Luke xxi. 27.

1 LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
Those, who set at nought and sold him
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the great Messiah see!

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory!
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

10 (8.7.4.) WALMER.

Praise to the Redeemer. Heb. i. 3.

1 LORD of ev'ry land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die! Hal.

3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, for ever flow! Hal.

11 (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

The day of the Lord. Luke xxi. 25.

1 THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, with'ring, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

4 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But *faith, victorious* o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come!

12

(8.7.) BENEDICTION.

Prayer for the manifestation of Jesus. John i. 4.

1 LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come and by thy love's revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath!
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thy appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for our ransom'd race!
Come, sweet Advocate and Saviour!
Come, and bring thy gospel grace!

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins!
By thine all-sufficient merit
Ev'ry burden'd soul release!
By the shinings of thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace!

3rd Sunday in Ad

13

(8.M.) SHIRLAND.

Privileges of the Gospel times. 1 Cor. iv. 1. Isa. lii. 7.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God!

14

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Messiah's advent. Isa. xxv. 9.

1 LO! he comes, th' incarnate Saviour!
Saints, your highest anthems raise!
Love divine, endearing favour,
Yields ten thousand themes for praise;
Hallelujah!
Loud resound your heavenly lays!

2 Strike your harps, the whole creation,
And a great Redeemer sing!
Join the joyful acclamation,
And adore *the new* born King!
Till to heaven
Joyful Hallelujahs ring.

15

(7's.) GERMAN.

Christ's second coming. Isa. xxv. 6—8. Hag. ii. 7.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride!
Come and take us to thy side!

2 Thou, who hast our place prepar'd,
Make us meet for our reward!
Then with all thy saints descend!
Then our earthly trials end!

3 Now destroy the man of sin!
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Fill'd with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransom'd world for thine!

16

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

The safety of the church. Isa. xxvi. 1—7.

1 HOW glorious Sion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
Here fix'd his lov'd abode.

2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
No power shall e'er o'erthrow;
Salvation is its bulwark sure
Against th' assailing foe.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling!
Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our King!

4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace,
Ye, who have known Jehovah's name,
And trusted in his grace!

5 Trust in the Lord! for ever trust,
And banish all your fears!
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

17

(8.7.4.) WALMER.

The day of judgment. 1 Cor. iv. 6.

1 DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the *kingdom* I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

18 (8.7.) VIENNA.

The Saviour's exaltation. 1 Cor. v. 7. Isa. liii. 11.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid!
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made!
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heaven!
Peace is made 'twixt man and God!

2 Jesus hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side!
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear!

3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive!
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

4th Sunday in Advent

19 (112TH.) CAREY'S.

Prayer for a blessing in God's house. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford!
Prepare us to receive thy word!
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear!
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success!

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above!
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread!
Thus, &c.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sov'reign power and energy!
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear!
Thus, &c.

4 Father in us thy Son reveal!
Teach us to know and do thy will!
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day!
Thus, &c.

20 (S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Heavenly joy on earth. 1 Peter i. 8.

1 COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known!
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne!

2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

3 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high!

21

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Perseverance. Phil. iv. 4. Col. iii. 3.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown!

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high!

4 [Though sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,
Then what have you to fear?]

5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too!

22

(148TH.) PORTSMOUTH NEW.

Christ the King, the joy of his people. Isa. xxxii. 1. Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our sins
He took his seat above.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

3 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your hearts, &c.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home!
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

23 (C.M.) WILTSHIRE.
The Refuge of the Church. Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory, reigns.

2 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

3 His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.

4 How glorious he! how happy they
In such a glorious friend!
Whose *love* secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

24 (L.M.) SAVOY.

Jehovah Jesus. Matt. i. 23.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God!

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith and not of sense,
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is the dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 As man, he pities my complaint;
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

DECEMBER 25TH. *Christmas Da*

25 (C.M.) DEVIZES.

Praise for the Saviour's birth. Luke ii. 13, 14.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song!

2 Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

3 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd!

26 (7's.) HART'S.

Glory to God in the highest. Luke ii. 13, 14.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above,

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

27

(7's.) BRADEN

The angels' song. Luke ii. 14.

1 HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies!
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

4 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

28

(C.M.) ST. GEORGE'S.

The light of the Gospel. Isa. ix. 2—7.

1 THE race that long in darkness pin'd
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

29

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 3—7.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults;
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame!

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

5 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

30 (S.M.) FALCON STREET.

Christ's commission. John iii. 16, 17.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done!

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes!

3 Now, sinners, dry your tears!
Let hopeless sorrows cease!
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace!

4 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name!

DECEMBER 26TH. *St. Stephen'*

31 (C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Saints in glory. Rev. vii. 13—17.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

32 DECEMBER 27TH. (L.M.) KENT.

Cares cast on God. John xxi. 21, 22. 1 Pet. v. 7.

1 LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.

2 Great God, I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be!
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then shall my future hours be praise.

3 Is darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care!
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through ev'ry cloud shall shine.

The Innocents.

33 DECEMBER 28TH. (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

God the disposer of events. Matt. ii. 16.

1 GREAT God, we own thy sov'reign hand!
Thy faithful care we own!
Wisdom and love are all thy ways,
When most to us unknown.

2 To thee we yield our comforts up;
To thee our lives resign;
In straits and dangers, rich and safe,
If we and ours are thine!

3 Thy saints, in earlier life remov'd
In sweeter accents sing,
And bless the sweetness of their flight,
That bore them to their King!

4 The burdens of a lengthen'd day
With patience may we bear!
And in our dying hours attest
Thy wisdom, love, and care!

34

(C.M.) ASHLEY.

Salvation. Matt. i. 21.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

35

(C.M.) WHITTON.

The incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay!
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Goodwill and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

3 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Goodwill and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die."

4 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

36 (8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Good tidings of great joy to all people. Matt. ii. 2.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come and worship!
Worship Christ the new-born King!

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship! &c.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar!
Seek the great Desire of nations
Ye have seen his natal star!
Come and worship! &c.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship! &c.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains!
Come and worship! &c.

37

(7's.) HART'S.

Rejoicing in hope. Isaiah xxxv. 10.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward!

4 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below!
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

38

(7's.) BRADEN.

Praise for the incarnation. Matt. i. 23.

1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue!
Who should louder sing than I?

3 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end!

9 (C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

he Messiah's coming and kingdom. Psa. xcvii. 1. Isa. lx. 1.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing!

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy!

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground!
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ircumcision.

0 JANUARY 1ST. (C.M.) BEDFORD.

The name of Jesus. Song of Sol. i. 3.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build!
My shield and hiding-place!
My never *failing* treas'ry filled
With boundless stores of grace!

41 (C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

The name of Jesus. Luke ii. 21.

1 JESUS, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

2 Weak is the effort of my heart
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought!

3 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

42 (L.M.) ANGEL'S.

Help obtained of God. Gen. xvii. 7. Acts xxvi. 22.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand!
The op'ning year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet!

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise
Ador'd through all our changing days.

43

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

God's love unchangeable. Job v. 19. Isa. xxvi. 4., xliii. 2.

1 WHY should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex'd?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next;

2 Will save, till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond temptation's power
To my Redeemer's breast.

44

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Prayer on entering a new year. Gen. i. 14.

1 GOD of our life, thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound!
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend!
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In ev'ry scene of life, thy care,
In ev'ry age, we see!
And constant as thy favours are
So let our praises be!

4 Still may thy love, in ev'ry scene,
In ev'ry age, appear!
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the op'ning year!

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wand'ring soul to God!
And in affliction I will sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

45

(7's.) HART'S.

Prayer for a new year. Ps. cxxxiv. 3.

1 BLESS, O Lord, the op'ning year,
To each soul assembled here!
Clothe the word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine!

2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep!
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves and look on thee!

3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth!
While the Gospel call we hear,
May they learn to love and fear!

4 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run!
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears!

5 Bless us all, both old and young!
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue!
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love!

JANUARY 6TH. *Epipha*

46

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

God our light. Neh. viii. 10. Ps. xvi. 11.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

47 (8.7.) VIENNA.

The future state of the church. Isa. lx. 15—20.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O my people, faint and few;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you!
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways!
You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise!

2 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me!
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night!
He, *the Lord, shall* be your glory,
God, your everlasting light!"

48

(L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

The Star of Bethlehem. Matt. ii. 9, 10.

1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It is my guide, my light, my all,
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Then safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

49

(7's.) GERMAN.

The Saviour's love. Isaiah xlix. 13—16.

1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee!

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

50

(L.M.) JOB.

The increase of the church. Isa. lx. 8, 9. Matt. ii. 2.

1 SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns!
Through distant lands his triumphs spread
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

2 His sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive:
Those, who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.

3 O may his conquests still increase,
And ev'ry foe his power subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above!
In *lofty songs* exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love!

51

(8.7.) BENEDICTION.

The times of the Gentiles. Isa. lx. 3. Eph. iii. 1—6.

1 HAIL, thou Source of ev'ry blessing,
Sov'reign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now thy grace possessing
In thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before thee,
In thy church obtain a place,
Now by faith behold thy glory,
Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach thy sacred throne,
In thy covenant united,
Reconcil'd, redeem'd, made one.
Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
Myst'ry hid in former ages!
Myst'ry great of love divine!

3 Hail, thou universal Saviour!
Gentiles now their off'rings bring,
In thy temple seek thy favour,
Jesus Christ our Lord and King!
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise!

52

1*st Sunday after Epiphan*

(7.6.) M. HAYDN'S.

Christ the universal King. Isa. lx. Zech. ix. 9, 10.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With off'rings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing:
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age *to age* more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.

53 (8.7.4.) WALMER

Prayer for the spread of the gospel. Rev. xiv. 6, 7.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jub'lee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary!
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole!

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night!
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day!

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease!
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase!
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

54 (L.M.) NEW SABBATH

Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles. Num. xxiv. 17

1 THE Lord is come! the heavens proclai
His birth; the nations learn his name
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies!
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below!

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, but Sion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King!

55 (C.M.) BEDFORD.

Prayer for missions. Ps. xcvi. 10.

1 O LORD, each faithful effort own
To spread the Gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise!

2 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's power!
Then thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

56 (7's.) HART'S.

The Bright and Morning Star. Matt. ii. 10.

1 SONS of men, behold from far!
Hail the long-expected Star!
Jacob's star that gilds the night
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, *for him* your hearts prepare!
Meet him manifested there!

57

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

The restoration of Israel. Isa. xlvi. 13. lii. 7.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Sion bearing,
Sion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning!
Sion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliv'rance
Sion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour bless'd;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

58

2nd Sunday after Epiphan

(L.M.) TRURO.

Prayer for Messiah's triumph. Isa. li. 9.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength! the nations shake
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee!

Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Let Sion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold!

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

(L.M.) ACTON.

Praise to the Saviour. Isa. liii. 8.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame!
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!

Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitors' place:
O what return can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise;
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!

60 (8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Christ the light of the Gentiles. Isa. lx. 2, 3.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring!
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing!
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come!

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone!
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea!

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word! at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land!
Lord, be with them
Alway to the end of time!

61 (7's.) SICILIAN

Praise to the King of saints. Phil. ii. 8—11.

1 COME and let us praise our King!
He is worthy to be prais'd:
Should his saints refuse to sing,
How would angels stand amaz'd!
O exalt the sinner's friend!
Let his praises never end!

2 There he dwells whom angels sing;
Once he bore the cross below;
Jesus, heaven's eternal King,
Liv'd on earth a man of woe:
Now he reigns, and reigns above;
Jesus reigns the God of love.

3 Hail, immortal King of heaven!
Endless praise surround thy throne!
Lamb of God for sinners given,
"Thou art worthy," thou alone:
Thee we serve, and thee we sing;
Jesus, hail, eternal King!

62 (8.7.) VIENNA.

Praise to God for creation and grace. Ps. cxlviii.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him!
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before him!
Praise him, all ye stars of light!
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken!
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he has made.

2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious!
Never shall his promise fail:
God has made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high his power proclaim!
Heaven, and earth, and all creation
Laud and magnify his name!

63

(L.M.) JOB.

Prayer for final redemption. Isa. li. 9—11.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!

2 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

3 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise
With everlasting gladness crown'd,
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

3rd Sunday after Epipha

64

(C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

The invitation of the gospel. Isa. lv. 1, 2.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice!

2 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

3 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

4 Great God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away!

5

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Sinners invited to Christ. Matt. viii. 2, 3.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able;
He is willing; doubt no more!

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream!
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude!
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

4 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

66 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Gentiles received into God's house. Isa. lvi. 6, 7.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place!
How kind the care Our God displays,
For us to raise A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more, To thee we come,
And find our home, And rest secure!

3 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house,
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, Till earth conspire
To join the choir On Sion's hill!

67 (148TH.) PORTSMOUTH NEW.

The year of Jubilee. Isa. lxi. 1, 2.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim!

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live!
The year, &c.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year, &c.

68

(L.M.) SAVOY.

Prayer for missionaries. Matt. viii. 11. Acts xiii. 2—4. 2 Thes. iii. 1.

1 MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen worlds the Lord shall know,
And, warm'd with faith, each bosom glow.

2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear!
E'en now unfolds the promis'd year!
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace!

3 'Midst burning climes and frozen plains,
Where heathen darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view!

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail!
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conqu'ring way!

5 So on the Indian's gloomy night
The eastern star shall shed her light,
And *Jesu's hallow'd* reign control
The stormy passions of the soul.

69

(C.M.) ABRIDGE.

Salvation through faith. John iii. 14—18.

1 AS, when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd,
The people ceas'd to die:

2 So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to him with lively faith
Is sav'd from endless woes.

3 He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore:
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.

70

4th Sunday after Epipha

(S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Weak believers encouraged. Isa. lvii. 18, 19.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take!
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake!

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals his love with power!

5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see!

71

(C.M.) BEDFORD

God a refuge in trouble. Ps. xci. 15.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies!

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

3 [But O when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline!

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.]

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat!
With *humble hope* attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet!

72

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Ministers exhorted and encouraged. Isa. lviii. 1.

1 MEN of God, go take your stations!
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth!
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth!

2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As "the power of God to save,"
Go, where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave!
Blessed freedom!
Such as Sion's children have.

3 [What though earth and hell united
Should oppose the Saviour's plan?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted,
Fear ye not the face of man;
Vain their tumult!
Hurt his work they never can.]

4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend,
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

73

(C.M.) HARBOROUGH.

Praise to the Prince of Peace. Isa. ix. 6.

1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace!
Let saints in heaven proclaim his praise,
And crown him "Prince of Peace!"

2 Praise him, who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race!
Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him "Prince of Peace!"

3 Come, rebels, lay your weapons down!
Let war for ever cease!
Immanuel for your sov'reign own,
And crown him "Prince of Peace!"

4 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
To view his lovely face,
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

74 (P.M.) DEBORAH.

Sanctified affliction. Matt. viii. 23—27.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resign'd, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3 Then blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes:
Blessed be he who smites to save;
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and *true* are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

75

(L.M.) EVENING

Deliverance in temptation. 1 Cor. x. 13.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their son
His shield is spread o'er ev'ry saint,
And thus supported who shall faint?

2 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

3 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust!

5th Sunday after Epip

76

(8.7.) VIENNA

Divine love. Eph. iii. 19. Col. iii. 13.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art!
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted, may we be!
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secur'd by thee!
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

77

(C.M.) DEVIZES.

Grace and glory. Ps. xxiii. 6.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad,
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And in that long-experienc'd care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream:
That grace on Sion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love;
But O! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in *thy* temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

78

(C.M.) ST. ANN'

Christian love. Col. iii. 14. 1 John iv. 10, 11.

1 OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below;
The heart, with love to God inspir'd,
With love to man will glow.

2 O may we love each other, Lord,
As we are lov'd of thee!
For none are truly born of God,
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
The cords of love our hearts should bind,
The law of love inflame.

4 So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wond'ring say, as they of old,
"See how these Christians love!"

79

(L.M.) CHESTERFIELI

Faith's view of Providence. Deut. viii. 2.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy know
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Temptations ev'rywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

4 'Tis even so thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

80

(C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

Longing for the mind of Christ. Matt. xvi. 24.

1 IF duty calls, and suff'ring too,
My Lord, I'd follow thee!
As thou hast done, so would I do:
As thou art, would I be!

2 Meekness, humility, and love,
Did through thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

3 Depending on thy sov'reign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.

81

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4. Isa. lxiv. 4.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend!
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best, my only friend!

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy Name!

3 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound
While God is God to me.

82

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

The hope of heaven. Heb. xi. 25.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

83

(C.M.) ABRIDGE.

The heavenly Jerusalem. Isa. lxv. 18. Rev. xxi. xxii.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 Jesusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee !
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

84 (L.M.) ANGEL'S.

Christ coming to judgment. Rev. i. 5—8.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Still he displays his pard'ning love.

85 (P.M.) LUTHER.

The second advent. Matt. xxiv. 29—31.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead, *which* they contain'd before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him !

86 (L.M.) DOVERSDALE.

Immanuel's glories. Song of Sol. v. 10.

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet!
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

87 (S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1—3. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart!

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall "Abba, Father!" cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Septuagesima.

88 (L.M.) TRURO.

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28—31. 1 Cor. ix. 24

1 AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint:
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

89 (L.M.) WAREHAM.

God shining in the heart. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above;
Th' unchanging source of light and love.

2 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine!
And let *thy glories* stand reveal'd,
As in the Saviour's face beheld!

90 (C.M.) IRISH.

God glorious in creation and grace. Ps. xix. 1. 1 Pet. iii. 2

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies!

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine,
To see what God performs.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

91 (L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

The Sabbath. Gen. ii. 3.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath bless'd,
The day to us in mercy given,
The holy sabbath of his rest,
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 This day within thy courts, O Lord,
Thy saints delight to seek thy face,
To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
Unfold their wants, and taste thy grace!

3 May we, beneath his holy shrine,
To God devote this sacred day,
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
Look up to heaven, and learn the way!

92 (D.L.M.) CREATION.

The Creator's praise. Ps. xix. 1—4.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"*The hand* that made us is divine."

93 (C.M.) DR. HAYES' 127TH.

Praise for creation and providence. Ps. civ. 24.

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains' rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

4 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

Sexagesima.

94 (7's.) HART'S.

Praise for redeeming love. Rev. i. 5.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love!

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love!

4 Welcome all by sin oppress'd!
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring!
Strike aloud each cheerful string!
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love!

5

(L.M.) SAVOY.

Prayer for ministers. 1 Thess. v. 25.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer!
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work! How vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge!
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal!

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain!

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power!

5 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains!
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head!

96

(L.M.) KENT.

The righteousness of Christ. Phil. iii. 7—9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son!

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

97

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Prayer for guidance. Ps. v. 7. xcii. cxxii.

1 LORD, hear our sabbath song of praise,
Accept our sabbath prayer!
Again before thy gracious throne,
For mercy we repair.

2 How pleasant to thy courts to come,
Our sacred debt to pay!
O may we ever meet thee here,
On this thy holy day!

3 Make plain thy way before us, Lord,
And guide us safe along!
'Tis sweet to trust our all to thee
While dangers round us throng.

4 God never will desert the soul
That on his grace depends:
But with his favour all his saints
As with a shield defends.

8 (C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

A blessing sought on the word. Luke viii. 4—8.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground!
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound!

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love!

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy!

9 (L.M.) ACTON.

The christian's pilot. Matt. viii. 23—27.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wint'ry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm!
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let *neither* winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

100

(C.M.) WILTSHIRE.

Love to God. 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast!
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

101

(C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

Imperfection of present knowledge. 1 Cor. xiii. 9—12.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace!

2 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

3 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight!
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

4 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

102

(S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Christian love. Rom. xii. 10.

1 AMONG the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

2 Let envy, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

103

(C.M.) YORK.

Gospel privileges. Heb. xii. 18—25.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All *join in Christ,* their living head,
And of his grace partake.

104 (L.M.) TRURO.

The enlargement of Christ's kingdom. Gen. xii. 3. Ps. lxxii.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song:
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

5 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

105 (C.M.) ABINGDON.

The power of faith. 1 Peter i. 8.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares,
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

Shows me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hopes to rest
Upon a faithful God.

There, there, unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

Wednesday.

3 (C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

The lamentation of a sinner. Dan. ix. 8—19.

O LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate!

A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in!

So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Lord, let thy mercy come!

107

(S.M.) AYLESBURY.

Self-abasement. Job xlii. 6.

1 O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin?

2 Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then must it appear
To those pure eyes of thine!

3 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

4 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.

5 Low at thy feet I bow,
O pity and forgive!
Here will I lie and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

108

(C.M.) BURFORD.

Faith in Christ. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"*Ho!* ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord!"

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly!
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye!

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all!

109 (112TH.) CAREY'S.

The pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine!
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood:
Who is a pard'ning God, &c.

3 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above!
Who is a pard'ning God, &c.

110

(L.M.) ANGEL'S.

God's condescension. Joel ii. 13.

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are!

2 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God:
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

3 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise!

111

(S.M.) ST. BRIDE'S.

Rest in God. Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd!
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends
Who, who shall stay his hand?

4 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder fill'd thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand!

112

(C.M.) BEDFORD.

The contrite heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

3 O make this heart rejoice or ache!
Decide this doubt for me!
And if it be not broken, break!
And heal it, if it be!

113

(149TH.) SMITH'S.

The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 14.

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite:
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The scripture assures us, "the Lord will provide."

2 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, "the Lord will provide."

3 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, "the Lord will provide."

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No *fearing or doubting* with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "the Lord will provide."

114

(112TH.) EATON.

The compassion of Christ. Matt. iv. 1—11. Heb. ii. 18.

1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain!
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies,
Yet he, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 And, O! when I have safely pass'd
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died!
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

115

(C.M.) OXFORD.

The Saviour's sympathy. Matt. xii. 20. Heb. iv. 15, 16.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

116 (C.M.) UNIVERSITY.

God our strength. Isa. xl. 27—31.

1 TREASURES of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

2 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

3 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till *their unwearied* feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

117

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Jehovah-Jireh. Gen. xxii. 14.

1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear:
For when they least expect his aid
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abr'ham found; he rais'd the knife,
God saw, and said, "Forbear,
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there!"

3 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepar'd a fish to save
And bear him to the shore.

4 Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord!

5 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

118

2nd Sunday in Len

(S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Grace sought from the Saviour. 1 Thess. iv. 1. 1 Pet. v. 7.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer!

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly;

3 A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee!

119 (L.M.) WAREHAM.

Weary souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd
Come, and accept the promis'd rest!
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away!

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart!
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice!

5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest!

120

(C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

Faith's review and expectation. 1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Tis grace has taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come:
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 [The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hopes secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.]

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine:
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

121

(L.M.) KENT.

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 3—12.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

5 Blest are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

122

(L.M.) CHESTERFIELD.

Providence. Ps. xviii. 30. Eph. i. 2.

1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark and bending line,
Meets in the centre of thy love!

2 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam un-eyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

3 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too *weak thy* secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

123 (L.M.) CLAPHAM RISE.

Prayer for the leading of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above!
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside!

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live!

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way!
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart!

4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God!
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray!

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest!
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is!

3rd Sunday in Lent.

124 (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Communion with God and Christ. 1 John i. 3.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons ev'ry day;
[redacted]*ighty* to protect my soul,
and wise to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care!
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there!

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

125 (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Depending upon Christ. Isa. xxvi. 4. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene,
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me while I wander here
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers!

3 Spare me, O God! O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee!
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me!

4 Thy Spirit, O my Saviour, give
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
Where sabbaths never end!

126 (8's.) MARTIN'S LANE.

Jesus my all. Gen. xv. 1. Isa. xli. 10.

1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempest's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
Though hot the fight, why quit the field,
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

2 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows and will provide.

3 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

127 (C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Providence. Gen. xlii. 36. Ps. lxxvii. 19., xcvii. 2.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
[redacted] mercy, and shall break
n your head!

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 [His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.]

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

128 (8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Preparation for death. Luke xi. 28. 2 Pet. i. 10, 11.

1 O GOD, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

2 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

3 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love!

129

(C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

Saints in darkness trusting in God. Ps. xxx. 5. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs!
When will the mournful night be gone?
And when my joys arise?

2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay;
Here I would rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart!
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all the gloom depart!

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

4th Sunday in Lent.

130

(C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

The Redeemer's triumphs. Isa. xxxv. 3—7. Matt. xi. 5.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks; and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 Look unto him, ye nations! own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace!

131 (L.M.) ROCKINGHAM.

Afflicted saints directed. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near!
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear!
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

4 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes *to set* thy spirit free,
And "as thy days thy strength shall be."

132

(C.M.) SALEM.

Pardon spoken by Christ. Matt. ix. 2.

1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce these words of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate the grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven!
The accents mild shall charm mine ear,
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardon down
Shall crowns of life bestow.

133

(L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Christ our King. Rev. xix. 6.

1 THE Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains:
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known!
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there,
To bear messages of love to bear.

4 One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

134

(7.6.) MOUNT SINAI.

The pilgrim's song. Ps. xxxv. 9. xlii. 2. Rev. xxii. 3, 4.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place!
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
Thus a soul, new born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize!
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All *your* sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

135

(P.M.) LUTHER.

Praise to the Redeemer. Phil. ii. 6—11.

1 THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth his voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
And, at his left hand and his right,
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suff'ring stranger,
Uprais'd to heaven his languid eye
In nature's hour of danger.
For us he bore the weight of woe,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long
O'er death and hell defeated!

5th Sunday in Lent.

136

(S.M.) SHIRLAND.

The work of God in the soul. Phil. ii. 13.

1 'TIS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

137

(8.7.) VIENNA.

The Lord's day. Rev. i. 10.

1 HAIL the day, so bright in glory,
When the great Redeemer rose!
Hail the day, when saints adore thee,
Day of rest and calm repose!
By Jehovah's grace allotted
All his wonders to display,
Now, to holy joy devoted,
Prayer and praise shall fill the day.

2 Shout Hosanna to the Saviour,
In your noblest strains below!
Life eternal, endless favour,
From his cross, and vict'ry flow;
Let thine ear in mercy bending,
Great Redeemer, hear our cries!
And, thy richest grace descending,
Bless thy church with full supplies!

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own!
Highest honours never failing
Rise eternal round thy throne!
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore!
For *his mercy*, never ceasing,
Flows and flows for evermore.

188

(P.M.) LEONI.

The great I AM. Ex. iii. 14. John viii. 58

1 THE God of Abra'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd:
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever bless'd!

2 The God of Abra'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys,
At his right hand!
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways!
He calls a worm his friend;
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
To heaven ascend:

I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

139 (L.M.) DOVEDSDALE.

Divine glory. Ps. civ. 1—4.

1 SEE where the Lord his glory spreads
Through yonder mansion fill'd with light;
His least perfection far exceeds
The reach of fancy's boldest flight.

2 Around his everlasting throne
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing:
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him everlasting King.

3 Approach, ye saints, this God is yours!
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above;
Ye cannot fail while God endures;
Ye cannot want while God is love!

4 Come then, and swell the note of praise!
In Jesu's name rejoice and sing!
While angels on his glory gaze,
The saints may cry, "Behold our King!"

5 [Jesus, thou everlasting King,
To thee the praise of heaven belongs!
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humbler songs!

6 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope, ere long, thy face to view;
In heaven with angels to appear,
And praise thy Name as angels do.]

140 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Praise to the Trinity. 1 John iv. 19. Rev. iv. 8.

1. I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

141 (P.M.) EGYPT.

The heavenward traveller. Heb. xi. 13—16.

1 FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy!
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah! &c.

3 [Our toils and conflicts cease
On Canaan's happy shore;
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah! &c.

4 But hark! those distant sounds
That strike our list'ning ears,
They come from Canaan's happy bounds,
Where God our King appears.
Hallelujah! &c.]

5 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in ev'ry bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah! &c.

6 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah! &c.

7 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah! &c.

42

(P.M.) LUTHER.

God the refuge of his people. Ps. xlvi. 1—5.

1 GOD is our refuge ever near,
Our help in tribulation;
Therefore his people shall not fear
Amid a wreck'd creation.
Though mountains from their base be hurl'd
And ocean shake the solid world,
The Lord is our salvation.

2 The stream that flows from Sion's hill
Shall yet, serenely gliding,
With joy the holy city fill,
His presence there abiding:
The Lord, her glory and defence,
Will guard his chosen residence,
His timely aid providing.

43

(7's.) SICILIAN.

Christ the sinner's refuge. 1 Cor. x. 4.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

2 Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow;
for sin could not atone,
must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

144 (7's.) GERMAN.

Praise to Christ our King. Ex. xv. 1, 2.

1 SONS of Sion, raise your songs!
Praise to Sion's King belongs;
His the victor's crown and fame,
Glory to the Saviour's name!

2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the victor's eyes!
Glorious is the work achiev'd,
Satan vanquish'd, man reliev'd.

3 Sing we then the victor's praise;
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne;
He is worthy, he alone!

4 Place the crown upon his brow;
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow;
Him the brightest seraph sings;
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings."

15 (P.M.) BERMONDSEY.

Praise to the Redeemer. Rev. v. 12.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his Name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb."

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye his Name!
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great Name alone
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his Name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Then let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear Name!
To him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb."

146 (C.M.) HARBOROUGH.

Messiah Lord of all. Phil. ii. 9, 10. Col. i. 18.

1 ALL-HAIL, the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

147 (149TH.) HANOVER.

Praise for redemption. Phil. ii. 9—11.

1 WE joyfully sing with angels above
Of Jesus our King, his power and love;
His look full of greatness commandeth the sky,
His heart full of sweetness relents at our cry.

2 He suffer'd our pain and took up our curse,
And dying to reign, he triumphed thus:
Death-*conquering* Jesus our King we proclaim,
He reigneth to bless us, and bless we his name

148

(L.M.) JOB.

The loving-kindness of the Lord. Ps. lxiii. 3. Isa. lxiii. 7—9.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise!
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

3 [When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!]

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

Tuesday before Easter.

149

(7's.) SICILIAN.

Christ our example in suffering. Isa. l. 5, 6. 1 Pet. ii. 21—24.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour!
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

2 Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross!

3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finish'd," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

Wednesday before Easter.

150 (C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

The backslider recalled. Hos. xiv. i.

1 THE Lord, how kind are all his ways,
When most they seem severe!
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.

2 With thorns he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around,
To guard us from the death that lurks
In sin's forbidden ground.

3 Return, ye wand'ring souls, return,
And seek his tender breast!
Call back the mem'ry of the days
When there you found your rest!

151

(C.M.) IRISH.

Christ and Aaron. Heb. vii., viii. 6., ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore!

2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin:
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

4 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace!

Good Friday.

152

(L.M.) ST. PETER'S.

Gratitude for redemption. Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all

153

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Finished redemption. John xix. 30.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 "It is finish'd!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, the dying words record!

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw!

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme!
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

154 (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Christ our sacrifice. Heb. ix. 13, 14. x. 1, &c.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

155 (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Christ our hiding-place. Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake!
Re-tune thy strings for Jesu's sake!
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

2 While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fall'n, abject, mean, a sentenc'd race,
We *deeply* need a hiding-place.

3 Yet, courage! days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesu's cleansing blood.

4 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We, through the Lamb, shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father, face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

156 (C.M.) ABRIDGE.

The Saviour's love. 1 Cor. xvi. 22. 2 Cor. x. 5.

1 JESUS, in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme!
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
In that tremendous hour?

4 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway!
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey!

5 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more!
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore.

157

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Praise for the fountain opened. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 [The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more!]

4 Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
other name but thine.

158 (L.M.) CLAPHAM RISE.

Christ our Priest. Heb. iv. 14.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He, who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The "Man of Sorrows" had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Easter Day.

159 (P.M.) EASTER HYMN.

The resurrection. Mark xvi. 6.

1 JESUS Christ is risen to day, Hallelujah.
Our triumphant holy day; Hal.
Who did once, upon the cross, Hal.
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hal.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing Hal.
Unto Christ our heavenly king; Hal.
Who endur'd the cross and grave, Hal.
Sinners to redeem and save. Hal.

3 But the pain which he endur'd Hal.
Our salvation hath procur'd; Hal.
Now above the sky he's King, Hal.
Where the angels ever sing. Hal.

160

(8.8.6.) KEDRON.

Messiah's triumph. Ps. lxviii. 18.

1 JESUS, who died a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty power:
From sin, and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour cloth'd in majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb!
Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansion he prepares,
And soon will take you home!

3 His church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her he did redeem;
He tastes her joys, he feels her woes,
And prays that she may spoil her foes,
And ever reign with him.

161

(8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Christ the firstfruits from the dead. 1 Cor. xv. 20.

1 HE'S gone! see where his body lay,
A pris'ner till th' appointed day,
Releas'd from prison then!
"*Why* seek the living with the dead?"
Remember what the Saviour said,
he should rise again.

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When Jesus, by almighty power,
Reviv'd, and left the grave.
In all his works behold him great!
Before, almighty to create!
Almighty now to save!

3 "The first begotten from the dead,"
Behold him risen, his people's Head,
To make their life secure.
They too, like him, shall yield their breath,
Like him, shall burst the bands of death:
Their resurrection sure.

4 [Why should his people now be sad?
None have such reason to be glad,
As reconcil'd to God.
Jesus, the mighty Saviour lives;
To them eternal life he gives,
The purchase of his blood.

5 Why should his people fear the grave?
Since Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their bodies too.
What though this earthly house shall fail?
Almighty power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.]

6 Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
With strong and patient faith!
Be sure your labour's not in vain;
Your bodies shall be rais'd again,
No more to suffer death.

162

(P.M.) EASTER HYMN.

The resurrection of Christ. Matt. xxviii. 6.

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day," Hal.
Sons of men and angels say! Hal.
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Hal.
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply! Hal.

2 Love's redeeming work is done; Hal.
Fought the fight, the battle won: Hal.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Hal.
Lo! he sets in blood no more. Hal.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hal.
Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Hal.
Death in vain forbids his rise; Hal.
Christ hath open'd Paradise. Hal.

4 Lives again our glorious King: Hal.
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Hal.
Once he died our souls to save; Hal.
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? Hal.

163

(L.M.) ST. PETER'S.

Christ's death, resurrection, and reign. Luke xxiii. 27, &c.

1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of Glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again.

3 Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
and led the monster Death in chains!

4 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

164

(7's.) HART'S.

The resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 2.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

2 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song!
Let the strains be sweet and strong! Hal.

3 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Hal.

165

(148TH.) PORTSMOUTH NEW.

The resurrection of Christ. Ps. lxxxix. 19. Eph. iv. 8.

1 THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

2 Christ hath the ransom paid:
The glorious work is done:
On him our help is laid;
By him our vict'ry won:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

166

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Praise for the resurrection. Mark xvi. 6.

1 COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay!
He has burst his bands asunder,
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day!

2 Jesus triumphs: sing ye praises!
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises;
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the victor's name!

3 Jesus triumphs: countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King:
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

167

Monday in Easter Week.

(8.7.4.) WALMER.

Messiah's exaltation. Rev. xi. 15., xix. 15.

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
From the fight return'd victorious,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow!
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings!
Crown him! crown him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his Name:
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

Tuesday in Easter Week.

168

(112TH.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Messiah's triumphs. Ephes. iv. 8.

1 LET joyful nations hail the day,
That crowns their king with loud acclaim;
Let saints their grateful homage pay
To their Almighty Saviour's name.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

2 Sing how he vanquish'd all our foes!
He came to save, he reigns to bless;
From him our ev'ry comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy and peace.
Resound, &c.

4 He comes! he comes, with triumph crown'd,
In dazzling robes of light array'd!
Faith views the splendour dawning round;
Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade.
Resound, &c.

169 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

The resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 23.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conq'ring head;
In wild dismay The guards around,
Fell to the ground, And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, And wing their way
From realms of day To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead: He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, No more to die!"

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy Name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise, With thee we reign,
And empires gain Beyond the skies.

170

(S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Praise for salvation. Rom. iv. 25.

1 THE promise is fulfill'd;
Salvation's work is done;
Justice with mercy's reconcil'd;
And God has rais'd his Son.

2 My soul, thy Saviour laud,
Who all thy sorrows bore;
Who died for sin, but lives to God,
And lives to die no more.

3 His death procur'd thy peace;
His resurrection's thine.
Believe: receive the full release,
'Tis sign'd with blood divine.

171

(C.M.) BEDFORD.

The Christian perfected by grace. Heb. xiii. 20—21.

1 FATHER of peace! and God of love!
We own thy power to save:
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave!

2 We triumph in that Shepherd's Name,
Still watchful for our good,
Who brought th' eternal cov'nant down,
And seal'd it with his blood.

3 So may thy Spirit seal my soul,
And mould it to thy will,
That my fond heart no more may stray,
But keep thy cov'nant still!

4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And press with vigour on,
Till *pure perfection* crown our hopes,
And fix us near thy throne!

172

(L.M.) KENT.

The love of Christ. 2 Sam. xvi. 17. John xv. 14—16.

1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich, Almighty Friend:
Jesus, the Saviour is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies:
O what a friend is Christ to me!

4 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask:
But I am straiten'd cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

5 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite:
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

173

(C.M.) WARWICK.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 6—14.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne!
Prepare new honours for his Name,
And songs before unknown!

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odour sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 [The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.]

174 (L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

Man honoured above angels. Rev. i. 5, 6.

1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb that once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain:
Not only say, "He suffer'd thus,"
But that, "He suffer'd all for us."

3 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove!

4 O glorious hour! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall *see the* God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can!

175

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Assurance of faith. 2 Tim. i. 12

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his Name,
His Name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

176

(P.M.) TOTTENHAM.

Prayer for faith. Mark ix. 24.

1 GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe!
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive.
Full of sin, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
my grace is always nigh!

Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me!

177

(S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

The good Shepherd. Ez. xxxiv. 11—16. John x. 11.

1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom, and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.

2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field they range;
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in ev'ry change.

3 Secure amidst alarms
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.

4 The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.

5 [Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One Shepherd, and one fold.]

6 When the last trump shall sound,
And graves break up their sleep,
At his *right* hand may we be found,
Among the chosen sheep!

178

(L.M.) DOVERSDALE.

The Shepherd and his flock. John x. 11.

1 THE Saviour calls his people sheep,
And bids them on his love rely;
For he alone their souls can keep,
And he alone their wants supply.

2 Jehovah is our Shepherd's name,
Then what have we, though weak, to fear?
Our sin and folly we proclaim,
If we despond while he is near.

3 See the rich pastures of his grace,
Where in full streams salvation flows!
There he appoints our resting-place,
And we may feed secure from foes.

4 Dear Lord, if I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free;
To trust, and love, and praise is mine,
The care of all belongs to thee!

179

(7's.) GERMAN.

Prayer for the world's regeneration. Matt. vi. 10.

1 FATHER of eternal grace!
Thou hast lov'd our rebel race:
Let thy will, through Christ thy Son,
As in heaven, on earth be done!

2 Here in vain thy will is known,
Heard in thunder, grav'd on stone:
By thy grace thy will impart!
Write thy law on ev'ry heart!

3 Let thy reconciling word
By all tribes of man be heard!
Give the new creation birth!
Let thy will be done on earth!

180

(8 8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Pardon through Christ. 1 John i. 7.

1 FATHER, to thee in Christ I fly!
What though my sins of crimson dye
For thy resentment call?
My crimes he did on Calv'ry bear,
The blood that flow'd for sinners there
Shall cleanse me from them all.

2 Spirit divine, thy power bring in!
O raise me from this depth of sin!
Take off my guilty load!
Now let me live through Jesu's death,
And being justified by faith,
May I have peace with God!

3 Foul as I am, deserving hell,
Thou can'st not from thy throne repel
A soul that leans on God:
My sins at thy command shall be
Cast as a stone into the sea,
The sea of Jesu's blood.

3rd Sunday after Easter.

181

(C.M.) MANCHESTER.

Prayer for pardon. Zech. xiii. 1. John xiii. 9.

1 MY dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain of guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean!

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till *hope in full fruition* die,
And all my soul be love!

182

(C.M.) ABRIDGE.

The hope of heaven. 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The father of our Lord!
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd!

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

183

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Prayer for holiness. Ps. li. 10. Prov. xxiv. 26.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart!
Come quickly from above!
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love!

184 (S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

The resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed,"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood oppos'd before.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

185

(S.M.) FALCON STREET

Praise for the resurrection. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed,"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
This yields my soul a plea;
He bore the punishment decreed,
And satisfied for me.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear!
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear!

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord!

186

(8's.) CAREY'S.

Christ's triumph over death. Rom. xiv. 9.

1 WE sing his love who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death reviv'd again,
That all his saints through him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints, who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright, illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

187

(7's.) HOTHAM.

Happiness in Christ. John xvi. 22. Phil. i. 21.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny!
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die!
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows!
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

188

(L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

The immutability of Christ. James i. 17.

1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honours of thy Name:
Assembled round our Saviours' throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.

2 Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.

3 The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints below and saints above.

4 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glories changeless as his own.

189

(S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Christians the firstfruits of God's creatures. James i. 18.

1 NOW to that sov'reign grace,
Whence all our comforts spring,
Let the whole new-begotten race
Their cheerful praises bring!

2 His will first made the choice;
His word the change hath wrought;
In him, our Father, we rejoice,
Nor be the name forgot!

3 Sacred to thee alone,
Be all these powers of mine,
Then in the noblest sense my own,
When most entirely thine!

190

(C.M.) BEDFORD.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee!

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

191

(8.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Exhortation to praise and thanksgiving. Deut. vi. 4, 5.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice!

2 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand *up and* bless his glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore!

192

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Faith's view of Christ. John xiv. 19.

1 SUPREME High Priest, the pilgrim's light,
My heart for thee prepare,
Thine image stamp, and deeply write
Thy superscription there!

2 Like Noah's dove, no rest I find
But in thy ark of peace:
Thy cross the balance of my mind;
Thy wounds my hiding-place.

3 E'en now, by faith, I see thee live
To crown the conqu'ring few;
Nor let me linger here, but strive
To gain the prize in view!

4 Add, Saviour, to the eagle's eye
The dove's aspiring wing,
To bear me upwards to the sky,
Thy praises there to sing!

193

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

The Christian's gratitude to God. Hos. xi. 4.

1 MY God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine,
To draw our souls along.

2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.

3 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqu'ror's feet.

194

(8.7.4.) WALMER.

Christ a Guide through death to glory. Deut. viii. 2.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land!
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand!
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more!

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow!
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through!
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield!

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside!
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side!
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

195

(L.M.) ROCKINGHAM.

Hope encouraged by the divine perfections. 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe if God is nigh?

2 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A present help in time of need;
Still kind to hear, and strong to save!

3 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And ease the sorrows of my breast!
Speak *to my heart* the healing word,
That thou art mine, and I am blest!

196

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

The believer's safety. John xvi. 33.

1 INCARNATE God, the soul that knows
Thy Name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour!

2 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

3 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
To them that love his Name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear?

197

(C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S

Peace in Christ amidst tribulations. John xvi. 33.

1 HENCEFORTH let each believing heart
From anxious sorrows cease:
Though storms of trouble rage around,
In Jesus we have peace.

2 His blood from wrath to come redeems,
And his almighty grace,
By bitt'rest draughts of deep distress,
Its healing power displays.

3 Jesus, our Captain, march'd before,
To lead us to the fight;
And now he reacheth out the crown,
With heavenly glories bright.

4 Lord, 'tis enough thy voice we hear,
That crown by faith we see;
No sorrows shall o'erwhelm our souls,
Since none divide from thee!

198

(L.M.) JOB.

The Christian warfare. Josh. i. 9.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armour on,
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone!

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

199

(P.M.) SION.

God's unchangeableness. Ps. xlviii. 14.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

200

(S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

The song of the redeemed. Rev. xv. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us whose sins he bore!

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Sion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King!

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

201

(L.M.) ACTON.

The Gospel jubilee. Psa. lxxxix. 15.

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round!
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year!

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all!

3 The rich inheritance you lost,
Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast:
Fair Salem your arrival waits
To golden streets and pearly gates.

4 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore:
No debt, but love immensely great,
Whose joy still rises with the debt.

5 O happy souls that know the sound,
God's light shall all their steps surround,
And show that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run!

202

(C.M.) ABINGDON.

Christ the Head of his church. Eph. iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own,
Gives me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known!

2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive!

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord!

4 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall *a wrinkle*, or a spot,
Its beauteous form disgrace!

203

(P.M.) SICILIAN.

Jesus praised by angels. Heb. 1. 6.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Well may angels bright and glorious
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While on earth he prov'd victorious:
Now he bears a matchless name:
Well may angels sing of him,
Heaven supplies no richer theme.

3 Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round his throne!
Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
To the place where he is gone:
Meet it is that we should sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

4 Sing how Jesus came from heaven,
How he bore the cross below;
How all power to him is given;
How he reigns in glory now:
'Tis a great and endless theme:
O 'tis sweet to sing of him!

204

(P.M.) SICILIAN.

Jesus praised by his people. Rev. v. 13.

1 JESUS hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth:
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth!

When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine!

2 King of Glory, reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destin'd to behold thy face!

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing!
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

205

(C.M.) CAMBRIDGE NEW.

Christ the King of kings. Rev. xix. 16.

1 WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heaven rings?
They welcome Jesus to the sky,
And crown him "King of kings."

2 At sight of him, you seraphs bright
Exulting clap their wings;
They hail their Lord with new delight,
And crown him "King of kings."

3 The brightest angel glory boasts
To him his tribute brings,
And *joins high* heaven's assembled hosts
To crown him "King of kings."

206

(C.M.) HARBOROUGH.

Christ the King of kings. Rev. xix. 16.

1 LOOK up, ye saints, and while ye gaze
Forget all earthly things!
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown him "King of kings!"

2 While heaven in honour of his name
With exultation sings,
His saints on earth will own his claim,
And crown him "King of kings."

3 When here, he bore our sin and shame;
And thence our comfort springs:
'Tis meet we should exalt his Name,
And crown him "King of kings."

4 We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds,
To tune celestial strings,
And join with heaven's exulting crowds
To crown him "King of kings."

207

(148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Christ our High Priest. Heb. x. 21.

1 TH' atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone,
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice hath withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,
A heavenly priesthood his:
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And though awhile he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

208

(S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Praise to the Author of salvation. Ps. xviii. 46. xcvii. 1.

1 THE great Jehovah reigns
Upon a throne sublime,
And from his own eternity
Sees the wide waste of time.

2 "This great Jehovah's mine,"
The saint in rapture cries;
And to this everlasting Rock
My joyful spirit flies.

3 From this eternal spring
Immense salvation flows,
And with the wonders of his love
My grateful bosom glows.

4 His name shall be my song,
While life and breath are given;
And his unceasing praise shall run
Through all the days of heaven.

209

(7's.) GERMAN.

A day in the courts of the Lord. Deut. xii. 5—14. Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

1 TO thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat!

2 Thou, through him, art reconcil'd;
I, through him, became thy child;
Abba, Father, give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face!

3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips! Unloose my tongue!
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend!
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads!
Hear, for Jesus intercedes!

5 From thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day!

210

(L.M.) ANGEL'S.

The Spirit accompanying the word of God. Acts i. 8.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word!
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard!

3 Baptize the nations! Far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record!
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry kindred call him Lord!

211

(L.M.) TRURO.

The ascension of Christ. Ps. xxiv. 7—10.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene!
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in!

4 [Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!]

6 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd;
The King of saints, and angels too;
God over all, for ever bless'd.

212

(148TH.) PORTSMOUTH NEW.

The offices of Christ. Phil. ii. 9.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore!
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven!

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing!
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

213

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Christ typified by Aaron. Ex. xxviii. 29.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
[redacted]*d sym*pathetic love!

2 Though rais'd to a superior throne
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd;

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.

Whit Sunday.

214 (C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit's influence. Ps. li. 12. John xv. 26.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours!

2 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours!

215

(L.M.) CLAPHAM RISE.

Prayer for the increase of the church. Isa. xi. 9.

1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thy influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day!

2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung!
Through all the list'ning earth be taught
The acts our risen Redeemer wrought!

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er thy favour'd church preside!
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

216

(L.M.) WAREHAM.

Prayer for a sight of God in heaven. Ps. lv. 6. John i. 32.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things!

2 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

3 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

4 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

217

(C.M.) WILTSHIRE.

Prayer for the aid of the Spirit. Acts ii. 1—4.

1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality!

2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own!

3 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love!

218

(P.M.) ST. JOHN'S.

Prayer for the comfort of the Spirit. John xiv. 16.

1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night,
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication!

2 Come thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more!
Come with unction and with power,
On our souls thy graces shower!
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts thy habitation!

219

(8.M.) SHIRLAND.

Prayer for faith, love, and holiness. John xvi. 8.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes!

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love!

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God!

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee!

Monday in Whitsun Week.

220

(8.7.) VIENNA.

Prayer for the Spirit's teaching. John xvi. 14.

1 HOLY Ghost inspire our praises!
Shed abroad a Saviour's love!
While we chant the Name of Jesus,
Deign on ev'ry heart to move!
Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below!
Bless, O bless this congregation!
Bid our hearts with influence glow!

2 Come with heavenly inspiration,
Jesus in our souls reveal!
Manifest this great salvation!
As thy own our spirits seal!
Light divine, on darkness shining,
Deign the light of truth to give!
Ev'ry grace and joy combining,
May we to thy glory live!

3 Hail, ye spirits bright and glorious,
High exalted round the throne!
Now with you we join in chorus,
And your Lord we call our own.
God to us his Son hath given:
Saints your noblest anthems raise!
All in earth and all in heaven,
Shout the great Jehovah's praise!

Tuesday in Whitsun Week.

221

(112TH.) CAREY'S.

The descent of the Holy Spirit. 2 Cor. iv. 6. Heb. ix. 13, 14.

1 CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind!
Come pour thy joys on all mankind!
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee!

2 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee!
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe!

222

(C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

Christ worshipped by all creation. Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb, that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise!

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

223

(8.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Praise to the Trinity. Rev. iv. 8.

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love!

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace!

3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power!

4 Eternal, Triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love!

5 When heaven and earth have fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise!

224 (8.7.) BENEDICTION.

The brazen serpent a type of Christ. John iii. 14.

1 AS the serpent rais'd by Moses
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite;
Jesus thus himself discloses
To the wounded sinner's sight:
Hear his gracious invitation,
"I have life and peace to give;
I have wrought out full salvation;
Sinner look to me and live!"

2 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee
For thy precious life and death!
Melt each stubborn heart before thee!
Give us all the eye of faith!
From the law's condemning sentence
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

225

(L.M.) SAVOY.

A song of praise to the Trinity. Neh. ix. 5.

1 BLEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below!

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls!

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow!

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

226

(L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Prayer to the Trinity. 1 Pet. i. 2. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy pard'ning love extend!

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy saving grace extend!

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy quick'ning power extend!

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

227

(P.M.) LEONI.

God praised in heaven. Rev. iv. 8.

1 THE God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship Thee!"

2 Before the Saviour's face,
The ransom'd nations bow,
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame;
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughter'd Lamb.

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abra'm's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All *might and* majesty are thine,
And endless praise!

228

(148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Praise to the Trinity. 1 John iv. 19.

1 TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him, who form'd our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due!

2 Let ev'ry saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One!
Thus heaven shall raise his honours high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

229

(7.6.) TOTTENHAM.

Prayer for peace. John xx. 21.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recal to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find!
Think on us, who think on thee;
And ev'ry struggling soul release!
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal!
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal!
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

230

(8.M.) SHIRLAND.

Christian union. 1 John iv. 21. Gal. vi. 2.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way:
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

231

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Praise for the Divine goodness. Ps. xxii. 25. Luke xvi. 25.

1 MY soul with blessings unconfin'd
Thy tender care supplies;
Thyself the fountain head from whence
Those blessings first arise!

2 Let me thy gracious gifts receive
With gratitude and joy,
And in thy just and ceaseless praise,
Each thankful hour employ!

232

(L.M.) EVENING.

Jesus the way. John xiv. 6.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 Lo! glad I come! And thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give,
Nothing but love shall I receive!

3 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

233

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Jesus the life. 1 John iv. 9. Gal. ii. 20.

1 MY Saviour's ever watchful eye
Is over me for good;
What will he not on me bestow,
Who hath himself bestow'd?

2 Dear Lord, into thy faithful hands
My welfare I commit;
And to thy righteousness alone
For safety I retreat!

3 Still on thy merit, gracious Lord,
Enable me to lean!
Ever in thee may I be found,
My hiding-place from sin!

4 Exult, my soul, thy safety stands
Unshaken as his throne!
His people's everlasting life
Is founded on his own.

234

(C.M.) OXFORD.

Room at the gospel-feast. Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way
Around the board appear.

4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'er-fill the spacious room.

235

(L.M.) FEVERSHAM.

God our help in trouble. Judges iv. 3. Ps. xlvi. 1.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call!
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall!
When the great waterfloods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And *he is safe,* and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

236

(L.M.) ANGEL'S.

Salvation full, free, and instant. Mark xi. 24.

1 YE poor afflicted souls give ear,
Who seek the Lord but fear his frown,
What things ye ask in fervent prayer,
Believe, and Christ will send them down!

2 A feast is now prepar'd for thee,
Reject it not by unbelief!
A feast of mercy, sweetly free,
For sinners, and the sinners' chief.

3 No guilt, contracted by long years,
His tender mercies shall confine;
No bar, but unbelief, appears;
The prayer of faith makes all things thine.

4 Take courage, then! Ask and believe,
Expecting mercy from the Lord!
The promise runs, "Ask and receive,"
And Christ is faithful to his word.

5 O Lord, increase my feeble faith,
And give my straighten'd bosom room
To credit what thy promise saith,
And wait till thy salvation come!

237

(C.M.) BEDFORD.

The comfort of God's love. Eph. ii. 4. 1 John iii. 16.

1 THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
That peace of God, which Christ hath bought,
That peace which knows no end.

2 God's furnace doth in Sion stand,
But Sion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

3 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend:
And though he doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

4 His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between;
And could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.

5 Yet I shall ever ever sing,
And thou for ever shine:
I have thine own dear pledge for this;
Lord, thou art ever mine!

238 (L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.

The Good Shepherd. Ezek. xxxiv. 15, 16.

1 WITH watchful eye, and wisdom deep,
Our gentle Shepherd tends his flock,
Leads on and guards the helpless sheep,
And grounds them on himself, the Rock.

2 He seeks the lost with tender care,
And finds them in the wilderness:
Conducts them to his pastures fair,
And feeds them with his word of grace.

3 And while they walk in humble love,
His pleasant heritage are they:
And he defends them from above,
And guides them in the Gospel way.

4 So guide and guard us, dearest Lord,
As children walking hand in hand!
And many a gracious look afford
To cheer us through this barren land.

239

(L.M.) ST. GRAY'S.

The compassion of Christ. 1 John iii. 16.

1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.

3 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine!

3rd Sunday after Trinity.

240

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Submission. Ps. xxiii. 6. 1 Pet. v. 7.

1 O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine!

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me!

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway!
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

241

(L.M.) WAREHAM.

Joy in heaven. Luke xv. 7.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew:
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

242

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

God's covenant a support in trouble. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5

1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure!

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend;
And heaven my final home:

3 I welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above!

243

(L.M.) SAVOY.

Faith's review of former mercies. 1 Pet. v. 7.

1 BE still, my heart! my anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 He, who hath help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all!

244

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Gospel privileges. Ps. lxv. 4. lxxxix. 15, 16.

1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near:
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He help'd his saints, in ancient days,
Who trusted in his Name;
And we can witness to his praise,
His love is still the same.

4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above!

245

(7's.) GERMAN.

Prayer for humility. Eph. iv. 1.

1 JESUS, cast a look on me!
Give me sweet simplicity!
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know!

2 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside!
Bid my will to thine submit!
Lay me humbly at thy feet!

3 Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd;
Seeing only in thy light;
Walking only in thy might!

4 Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from thy precious blood!

246

(8.M.) SHIRLAND.

God's care of his people. Ps. lv. 22. Rom. viii. 18.

1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care!"

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find!

4 His goodness stands approv'd
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

247

(149TH.) HANOVER.

God's glory and greatness. Ps. xlv. 11.

1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above!
O gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise!

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
*Maker, De*fender, Redeemer, and Friend!

4 O measureless might! Ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise!

248

(7's.) SICILIAN.

Prayer for a child-like spirit. 1 Pet. v. 5.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee!

2 What thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own:
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide!

4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love!

249

(C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

The saints' pilgrimage. Rom. viii. 18. Heb. xi. 13—16.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees
Nor streams of living joy!

2 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Sion's hill.

3 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'llers home.

4 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

250

(L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

The bliss of saints in light. Ps. xvii. 15.

1 WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint,
The joys that fill th' enraptur'd saint,
When mix'd with heaven's triumphant throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their song?

2 He feels no pain, he fears no want,
His portion all that God can grant,
To see the Saviour as he is,
And dwell in heaven with him and his.

3 No darkness now obscures his mind;
The darkness all is left behind;
And objects, lately half conceal'd,
In full resplendence stand reveal'd.

4 His love, so cold, so mix'd before,
In heaven is cold and mix'd no more;
It gains the region whence it came,
And lives a pure eternal flame.

5 [He dwells exempt from all alarm;
No world is there to fright or charm;
No foes to plot against his peace;
No sin to give their schemes success.]

6 O may I reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God!
For this, let ev'ry conflict here
As nothing in my sight appear!

251 (C.M.) BEDFORD.

Praise for God's grace 2 Cor. iv. 17. Phil. i. 6.

1 HOW rich thy favours, God of grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the radiant prize;
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

3 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays;
Till firm and fair the building rise
A temple to his praise.

4 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads through suff'rings of an hour
To joys that never end.

252

(112TH.) CAREY'S.

Trust in God. 1 Pet. iii. 12—14.

1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love!
Our strength, thy grace; our rule, thy word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

253

(P.M.) RESIGNATION.

Prayer for submission to God's will. Matt. vi. 10.

1 MY God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from the heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
"Thy will be done!"

3 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

4 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

254

(C.M.) IRISH.

Submission. Job. i. 21.

1 'TIS God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his Name!)
He takes but what he gave.

2 Peace, all our angry passions, then!
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die!

3 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

255

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Divine compassion. Isa. xlii. 3. Heb. xiii. 8.

1 O LORD, how lovely is thy Name!
How faithful is thine heart!
To-day and yesterday the same,
And always kind thou art.

2 No change of mind our Jesus knows,
A true and constant friend:
Where once the Lord his love bestows,
He loves unto the end.

3 He well remembers we are flesh,
At best a bruised reed;
And fainting souls he will refresh,
And gently rear their head.

4 No danger can thy soul await
While resting on this Rock:
The winds may blow, and waves may beat,
But he sustains the shock.

256

(8.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Gratitude. Ps. cxvi. 12.

1 MY Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe!
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow!

2 [Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.]

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give!

4 O what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a grateful heart!
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

257

(L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.

The believer's safety. Isa. xliii. 2. liv. 17. 1 Pet. iii. 12, 13.

1 THAT man no guard or weapons needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows,
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Through burning sands or mountain snows.

2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear,
Redemption is his shield and tower;
He sees the Saviour always near
To help in ev'ry trying hour.

3 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reign with rigour there,
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.

4 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

6th Sunday after Trinity.

258 (C.M.) BEXLEY.

Death and glory. 2 Cor. v. 1—8.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call!

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
Who forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 ['Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee!]

259

(8.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Praise to the Redeemer. Rom. vi. 9, 10. Heb. vii. 25.

1 PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name!
His praises should employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame.

2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secur'd.

3 And now he pleading stands
For us before the throne,
And answers all the Law's demands
With what himself hath done.

4 The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn hearts to move;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

5 Assur'd that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We, on the field of battle, sing,
And triumph, while we fight.

260

(C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

The believers' rest. Heb. iv. 3, 9.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone:

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart!
This unbelief remove!
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love!

261 (C.M.) LONDON NEW.

God's love. 1 John iv. 16.

1 COME ye, who know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above!
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love!"

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
To teach them "God is love."

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above,
And ev'ry step, from first to last,
Declares that "God is love."

5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove!
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

262

(C.M.) WHITTON.

A better country. Heb. xi. 16. Rev. xxi. 2—10.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

263

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

The joys of heaven. Rev. xxi. 3, 4.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue!
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song!

2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more:
But cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

5 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love!
Our feeble notes inspire!
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

7th Sunday after Trinity.

264 (C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

Providence. Mark viii. 7—9.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace!
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide!
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide!

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

265

(C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

God's faithfulness. 1 Cor. i. 9. Heb. x. 23.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King!

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad!
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God!

3 Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

4 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

266

(7's.) HART'S.

The Saviour's return. 1 Thess. iv. 16.

1 HARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes; and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Now the world's duration ends;
Now the Lord will meet his foes;
These shall perish, but his friends
Shall in heaven obtain repose.

3 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.

4 See! the Lord appears in view;
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky!

5 Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest!
Happy in the Saviour's love!
Blessing, and for ever blest!

267

(C.M.) OXFORD.

God the strength of the weak. Isa. xl. 27—31.

1 WHY pour'st thou forth thy anxious plaint,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
And did not heed thy grief?

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, *past* the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

268

(8.M.) SHIRLAND.

Deliverance from sin. Zech. ix. 12. Rom. vi. 22.

1 PRIS'NERS of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear!
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near.

2 Redemption in his blood
He calls you to receive:
"Look unto me, the pard'ning God;
"Believe," he cries, "believe!"

3 Jesus, to thee we look,
Till sav'd from sin's remains;
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains!

4 Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save.

269

(8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Christ the way. John xiv. 6.

1 THERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road:
O may we tread the sacred way!
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

2 As he above for ever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives
Eternal and divine;
O may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then, sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

270 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Adoption. Rom. viii. 14—16.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears!
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

271 (C.M.) MANCHESTER.

The light and glory of the word. 1 Kings xvii. 24. John vi. 63.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave thee still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

272

(C.M.) BEDFORD.

Divine providence. John xiii. 7.

1 GREAT God of providence, thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light!

2 But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

3 The Sun of Righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hov'ring cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

273

(C.M.) BEXLEY.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace!

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God!

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
fe convey me home!

274

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Divine goodness moderating affliction. Isa. xxvii. 8.

1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine!

2 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

3 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace!

275

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Adoption. Rom. viii. 15—17.

1 MY God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine!

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good, and just, and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care!

276

(L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

The ministry of angels. 1 Kings xix. 5—8. Heb. i. 14.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of Glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too!

3 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

277

(C.M.) DEVIZES.

The christian race. Phil. iii. 12—14. Heb. xii. 1.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on!
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown!

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod
And onward urge thy way!

3 'Tis God's own animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down!

278

(C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

Lord, remember me. Luke xxiii. 42. 1 Cor. x. 13.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee!
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me!

2 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day!
Good Lord, remember me!

3 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me!

279

(149TH.) SMITH'S.

Assured trust. 1 Kings xix. 4, &c. Matt. viii. 23—27.

1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

3 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? he told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before lon
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's w

280

(P.M.) SICILIAN.

Praise for redeeming love. Heb. ix. 12.

1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us praise and join the chorus
Of the saints enthron'd on high!
Here they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky;
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

281

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

The corruption of nature. 1 Cor. vi. 11. x. 6.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
And upwards bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes!

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
[redacted] beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'is thine alone to give!

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine!

10th Sunday after Trinity.

282

(7's.) GERMAN.

The invitation. Matt. xi. 28. Luke xix. 41, 42.

1 COME! said Jesu's sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice!
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Sinner, come, for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure!

283

(L.M.) ACTON.

The source of grace. Ps. xxxvi. 9. Jer. ii. 13. 1 Cor. xii. 5.

1 BLEST Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die!

2 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below!

3 May this blest torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide!
Then in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

284 (7's.) BRADEN.

The pilgrim's prayer. 1 Kings iii. 5. 1 John v. 14, 15.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare!
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou are coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt!

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign!

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer!
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

285 (7's.) HART'S.

Public worship. Isa. lvi. 7. Luke xix. 46.

1 LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see,
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

286

(C.M.) WILTSHIRE.

Prayer for divine assistance. Amos v. 4.

1 TO thee we come, our God, to thee,
We come to seek thy face!
Before thy throne thy people see,
Before thy throne of grace!

2 We bring thy promise, and we plead
Thy Mercy and thy Name;
To our petitions, Lord, give heed,
And put us not to shame!

3 Subdue the foes that are within,
Our mighty foes subdue!
O break in us the power of sin,
And make us, Lord, anew!

4 We know, in such a strife as this,
How vain are mortal powers;
No strength but thine sufficient is,
Against such foes as ours.

5 In us thy pleasure, Lord, fulfil,
The work of faith with power;
That we may do and love thy will,
Nor leave thee from this hour!

287

(L.M.) JOB.

The hiding-place. Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 HAIL, sov'reign Love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal Grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

2 Against the God who rules the sky
I fought, with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 [Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.]

4 Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And Mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.

6 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the songs of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

11th Sunday after Trinity.

288

(L.M.) ST. OLAVE'S.

Christ's sufferings and glory. John xvii. 5. 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4. 1 Pet. i. 11.

1 AWAKE a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
Proclaim the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the world of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay:
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

289

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Prayer for ministers. Heb. xiii. 17.

1 LET Sion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive!

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see!
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee!

290

(C.M.) BEDFORD.

Believers one in Christ. Eph. i. 10.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone!
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies!

291

(8.7.) SICILIAN.

Praise for past mercies. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

292

(S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Salvation by grace. 1 Cor. xv. 10. Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

293

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Prayer for resignation. Ps. cxxxi. 2.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee:

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!

294

(L.M.) EVENING.

The Divine perfections. Ps. xciii. 1. 2 Cor. iii. 8, 9.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 Through all his work his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

3 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine!

295

(C.M.) OXFORD.

Christ precious to the believer. 1 Peter ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear!
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust!

3 [All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet!]

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
[redacted] noblest balm of all its wounds,
[redacted] cordial of its care!

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath:
Then speechless clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death!

296

(S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Praise for salvation. Ps. xxxiii. 1., cxlix. 4.

1 YE humble souls rejoice,
And cheerful triumphs sing!
Wake all your harmony of voice,
For Jesus is your King!

2 He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid:
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously arrayed!

3 Salvation, Lord, is thine!
And all thy saints confess,
The royal robes, in which they shine,
Were wrought by sov'reign grace.

297

(C.M.) BURFORD.

Watchfulness and prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O God, I lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray!

2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail!

3 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee!

298

(L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

Divine forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around,
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 O'er sins, unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.

3 For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven
Let love in equal ardours glow!

4 By this inspir'd let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound!

299

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Praise in the sanctuary. Ps. cl. 1—3.

1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise;
His grace he there reveals:
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells!

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

300

(L.M.) ACTON.

The intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart!

3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

301

(L.M.) SAVOY.

Hope in the covenant. Heb. vi. 17—19. Gal. iii. 16.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up:
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

302

(C.M.) CAMBRIDGE NEW.

A filial spirit. Gal. iv. 5, 6.

1 SOV'REIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name!

2 My Father God, how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On mine expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part!

303

(S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Prayer for the help of Christ. Ex. xxiii. 20—23.

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead!

2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil thy character!
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear!

3 Throughout the desert way,
Conduct us by thy light!
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night!

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
manna of thy love!

304

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

The liberty of the gospel. John viii. 36.

1 HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported, fall before his feet,
Who makes the pris'ners free!

2 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba, Father, cry.

3 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's Friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his Name!

305

(C.M.) ABRIDGE.

Christian charity. Luke x. 30—37.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love!

2 O may our sympathising breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid!

4 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for ev'ry wound.

306

(7's.) SICILIAN.

The privileges of adoption. 1 John iii. 1.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesu's blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity!

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them, &c.

3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:
With them, &c.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

307

(112TH.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Christian love. Gal. v. 22.

1 JESUS, how glorious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's equal thou!
O let me catch th' immortal flame,
With which angelic spirits glow!
As angels love thee, I would love,
d imitate the blest above!

2 My Prophet, thou, my heavenly Guide,
Thy blest instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely great they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, would I love,
And imitate the blest above!

3 My great High Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause!
In thee I trust; thee would I love,
And imitate the blest above!

4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit!
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above!

308

(L.M.) ST. OLAVE'S.

Gratitude to God. Luke vii. 47. 1 John iv. 19.

1 LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart!

2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely,
And on thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend!

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise!
And *let my glad* obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love!

309

(S.M.) SHIRLAND.

Faith. Eph. ii. 8.

1 FAITH: 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning priest:
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me!

310

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Prayer for a blessing on God's word. James i. 22.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sov'reign power impart,
To give thy word success!
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace!

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die!

311

(P.M.) LEONI.

A view of heaven. Ezek. xlviii. 35. Rev. xxi. 10.

1 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;

3 On Sion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.
He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride.

312

(C.M.) DEVIZES.

The Lord our portion. Lam. iii. 24. Gal. vi. 14.

1 JESUS, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven and earth, and sea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

2 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

3 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my Guide;
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,
And all my wants supplied.

4 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown!

313

(S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Persevering grace. Col i. 21, 22. Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring!

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

314 (7's.) HART'S.

God's providence. Ps. xxxi. 15. Eccles. iii. 17.

1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command!

2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

4 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5 Thee, at all times, will I bless!
Having thee, I all possess!
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?

315

(L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.

Prayer for ministers. 1 Cor. xvi. 9. Col. iv. 3.

1 NOW let "a great effectual door"
Be open'd to our labours, Lord,
That open'd shall be shut no more,
A door of entrance to thy word!

2 O touch their lips with hallow'd fire,
Who to the world unfold thy plan;
Their hearts with sacred love inspire,
The love of God, the love of man!

3 O animate thy servants, Lord,
With zeal that nothing can repress;
And while they seek to spread thy word,
Their counsels and their labours bless!

4 O send thy Spirit from above,
Nor let his holy influence cease,
Till hatred end in mutual love,
And strife in universal peace!

316

(L.M.) TRURO.

Deliverances. Num. xxiii. 23. Ps. xxxi. 19.

1 WHAT hath God wrought! might Israel say
When Jordan roll'd its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands
Safely to march across its sands.

2 What hath God wrought! might well be said,
When Jesus, rising from the dead,
Scatter'd the shades of pagan night,
And bless'd the nations with his light.

3 [What hath God wrought! let Britain see,
Freed from the plagues of Popery,
Its tenfold night, its iron chains,
Its galling yoke, its cruel pains!

4 What hath God wrought! in glad surprise
Shall sound through all the earth and skies,
When, like a mill-stone in the main,
Proud Rome shall sink, nor rise again.]

5 What hath God wrought! O blissful theme!
Are we redeem'd and call'd by him?
Shall we be led the desert through,
And safe arrive at glory too?

6 The news shall ev'ry harp employ,
Fill ev'ry tongue with rapt'rous joy.
When shall we join the heavenly throng
To swell the triumph and the song?

317

(D.C.M.) DR. HAYES' 121ST.

Efficacious grace. Ps. xlv. 3—5.

1 HAIL! Mighty Jesus! How divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.
Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey!

2 And when thy vict'ries are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing thy conqu'ring grace;
O may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I, with them, thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

318

(L.M.) ANGEL'S.

Christ's exaltation. Eph. i. 21.

1 NOW far above the starry skies,
Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
Invisible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

2 Though in the glories he possess'd,
Long ere this world, or time began,
He shines the Son of God confess'd,
Yet owns himself the Son of Man.

3 Here once in agonies he died,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy there pours th' eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.

4 All hail! Thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

5 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth thy regal honours raise!
The full salvation promis'd, bring,
Then ev'ry tongue shall sing thy praise!

319

(L.M.) CLAPHAM RISE.

The love of Christ. Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd!

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace!

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son!

320 (L.M.) SAVOY.

Jesus the Good Shepherd. John x. 11—14.

1 JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy "little flock" in safety keep,
The flock for which thou cam'st from heaven,
The flock for which thy life was given!

2 [Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee,
Secure, as if from danger free;
Thy love did all their wand'rings trace,
And bring them to a "wealthy place!"]

3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And keep them that they never stray!
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in thy fold!

4 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream!
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye!

5 O may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice!
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other Guide but thee!

6 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above!

321

(C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

The communion of saints. Eph. iii. 15.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise!

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one

3 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.

322

(C.M.) OXFORD.

Praise to the Redeemer. Eph. iii. 19.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue!

2 [His love, what mortal thought can reach
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.]

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die;
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me!"

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song!

323

(C.M.) BEDFORD.

Melchizedec. Gen. xiv. 18. Heb. vii.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee!
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedec!

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransom'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

324

(C.M.) WHITTON.

The excellencies of Christ. Song of Sol. v. 10—16.

1 TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

325

(S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Preparation for death. Matt. xxiv. 45.

1 PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face!
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood!
So shall I lift my head with joy
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue;
Thy sov'reign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son!

326

(C.M.) DR. HAYES' 127TH.

Reigning grace. Zech. iv. 7. Tit. iii. 7.

1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our stamm'ring tongues
To make his sov'reign reigning grace,
The subject of our songs!

2 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,
To melt the hardest hearts;
And from the work it once begins,
It never more departs.

3 'Twas grace that call'd our souls at first;
By grace thus far we're come;
And grace will help us through the worst,
And lead us safely home.

4 Lord, when this changing life is past,
If we may see thy face,
How shall we praise and love, at last,
And sing the reign of grace!

327

(C.M.) WESTMINSTER.

God's holiness. Ps. cxi. 9. Isa. viii. 13.

1 HOLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry;
"Thrice holy!" let us sing.

2 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach!
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

3 Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see!

328

(P.M.) SION.

Divine protection. Psa. xxxiv. 7. Heb. i. 14.

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign!
If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep,
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep!
Bright seraphs, despatch'd from his throne,
Repair to the stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever will join;
And love and adore without end
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

329

(112TH.) CAREY'S.

The Lord's day in the Lord's house. Num. x. 2.

1 THE day of rest once more comes round,
A day to all believers dear;
The silver trumpets seem to sound,
That call the tribes of Israel near;
Ye people, all Obey the call,
And in Jehovah's courts appear!

2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
We to thy sanctuary come;
Thy gracious presence here afford,
And send thy people joyful home!
Of thee, our King, O may we sing,
And none with such a theme be dumb!

3 O hasten, Lord, the day when those
Who know thee here shall see thy face;
When suff'ring shall for ever close,
And they shall reach their destin'd place!
Then shall they rest, Supremely blest,
Eternal debtors to thy grace!

18th Sunday after Trinity.

330 (L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

Messiah's exaltation. Matt. xxii. 41. Rev. xxii. 16.

1 BY all the hosts of heaven ador'd,
See David's Son, and David's Lord,
Exalted high at God's right hand,
While angels bow at his command.

2 Jesus, the Lord, our souls adore,
A painful suff'rer now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.

3 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight
With sacred wonder and delight!
Jesus, the great forerunner, see
Enter'd within the veil for thee!

4 His kingdom never more shall fail;
He holds the keys of death and hell,
Till foes fall prostrate at his feet,
And his full triumph is complete.

331

(L.M.) WAREHAM.

Believers pilgrims on earth. Phil. iii. 20. Heb. xiii. 14.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here!"
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here!"
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let the thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here!"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below!

4 "We've no abiding city here!"
We seek a city out of sight;
Sion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 ["We've no abiding city here!"
Methinks I hear the worldling say,
"Your hope is vain, ye fools, forbear,
For pleasure lies another way."

6 No wonder men should reason thus,
And count our expectation vain;
But did they know the truth, like us,
They'd soon adopt a diff'rent strain.

7 Did they, like us, by faith discern
The glorious city of our God,
They too, like us, would quickly learn
To walk in Sion's heavenly road.]

8 Sion! Jehovah is her strength;
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

9 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest!

10 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best!
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his, to fix my time of rest!

332

(112TH.) EATON.

The sabbath. Rev. i. 10.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected powers!
May we employ in work divine
These solemn, these devoted hours!
O may our souls adoring own
The grace which calls us to thy throne!

2 The word of life dispens'd to-day
Invites us to a heavenly feast;
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart a grateful guest!
O bid the humble sons of need
On soul-reviving bounties feed!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart!
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart!
Then shall the day indeed be thine!
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

335 (S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Preparation for judgment. 2 Cor. v. 10.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear!

2 Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

4 Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace!

5 O may we thus be found,
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

336

(C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

The Christian traveller. Heb. xi. 14.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord!

337

(L.M.) ELLENTHORP.

Saints in glory. Dan. iii. 24—27. Rev. vii. 14.

1 LO! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand;
Of ev'ry tongue, redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood!

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame
But now from all their labours rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore:
The tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see the Saviour face to face,
They sing the triumphs of his grace:
And, day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise:

5 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!"

338

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Praise for past mercies. John i. 4. 1 John iv. 19.

1 AUTHOR and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of life divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

2 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more!

339

(C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

Review of life crowned with mercies. Ps. ciii. 1—5.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O! *Eternity's too short*
To utter all thy praise.

340 (7's.) HOTHAM.

Christ our refuge. Isa. xxxii. 1, 2. Matt. ix. 2.

1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace!

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within!

Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee!
Spring thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

341 (7's.) GERMAN.

Public worship. Matt. xviii. 20. xxviii. 20.

1 JESUS, we thy promise claim!
We are met in thy great name!
In the midst do thou appear!
Manifest thy presence here!

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless!
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace!
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee!

3 Make us all in thee complete!
Make us all for glory meet!
Meet t'appear before thy sight,
Partners with thy saints in light!

20th Sunday after Trinity.

342 (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Quietness under affliction. Psalm xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE! 'Tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.

2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 Silent I own Jehovah's Name;
I kiss thy scourging hand;
And *yield my* comforts, and my life,
To thy supreme command!

343 (C.M.) LONDON NEW.

The Sabbath. Eph. v. 19.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

3 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak a world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem.

344 (C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

Christ the King of saints. Zech. ix. 9.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known:
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne!

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
How bright those glories shine!

3 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 O, happy period! Glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay
To celebrate thy praise!

345 (S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

Resignation. Ps. xxxi. 15.

1 OUR times are in thy hand;
O God, we wish them there;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to thy care!

2 Our times are in thy hand;
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

3 Our times are in thy hand;
We'll always trust in thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
And all thy glory see!

346 (S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

The judgment. Joel ii. 11—13.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! From the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there!

347

(L.M.) CHESTERFIELD.

The Gospel feast. Matt. xxii. 1—10.

1 HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord,
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the Gospel call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

3 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here!

4 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
Who left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God?

5 Our everlasting love is due
To him who ransom'd sinners lost,
And pitied rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

21*st Sunday after Trinity.*

348

(8.M.) FALCON STREET.

Christ his people's strength. Eph. vi. 10—18.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son!

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God!

4 [That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.]

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day!

349 (112TH.) CAREY'S.

Prayer for the promised rest. Isa. xxvi. 3, 4.

1 DEAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,
And magnify thy grace divine!
Pardon a worm that would draw near,
That would his heart to thee resign;
A worm, by self and sin opprest,
That pants to reach the promis'd rest!

2 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,
Completely stay'd, dear Lord, on thee!
How calm their state, how truly blest,
Who trust on thee, thy promis'd rest!

3 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,
With all its wrathful fury, die;
Let the Redeemer dwell within,
And turn my sorrows into joy:
O, may my heart, by thee possess'd,
Know thee to be my promis'd rest!

350

(L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.

Home in view. Hab. ii. 4. Heb. xiii. 14.

1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill;
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.

4 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road!

351

(L.M.) SAVOY.

The better part. Luke x. 42.

1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right!

2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part:
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away!

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
My treasure with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee!

352

(D.C.M.) ST. MATTHEW'S.

Rest in Christ. Ps. cxvi. 7.

1 O WHEN wilt thou my Saviour be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin?
Jesus, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain;
While thou art absent from my heart,
I look for rest in vain!

2 O that I now the voice might hear,
That speaks my sins forgiven!
His word is pass'd to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven:
His blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify th' unclean;
The grace that saves from future hell,
Shall save from present sin.

353

(C.M.) IRISH.

Blessedness of departed believers. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

354

(P.M.) ROCKINGHAM.

Faith in Christ. John vi. 37.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! [I come!]

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! [I come!]

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! [I come!]

4 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! [I come!]

355

(7's.) SPANISH CHANT.

The song of the redeemed. Rev. v. 12, 13. vii. 9, 10.

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion ev'ry hour!"

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came,
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty Name,

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might
More than conqu'rors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

356

(7's.) GERMAN.

God our refuge. Ps. cxxiii. 1.

1 LORD, to thee I turn mine eyes,
This has been my comfort long,
I am foolish, thou art wise,
I am weak, but thou art strong!

2 Strength thy helpless worm has none,
Yet he need not fear his foes,
Since thy strength, and not his own,
Is the strength in which he goes!

3 Thus prepar'd, thy worm defies
Hostile force, and hostile art;
Strong, though weak, though foolish, wise,
Thou his strength and wisdom art.

4 More than conqu'ror at the last,
Through thy grace I hope to prove,
And the final conflict past,
Then to dwell with thee above!

357

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

The safety of believers. Phil. i. 6.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream!

2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell,
God will those powers restrain
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain!

3 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son!

358

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Prayer for converting grace. Ps. li. 10. Rom. vi. 14.

1 JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend!
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end!

2 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is thine,
And everlasting love!

3 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write thy law within!

4 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice;
The blind his sight receive;
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice;
heart of stone believe!

359

(7's.) HART'S.

Christian perseverance. Prov. iii. 25, 26. 1 Tim. vi. 12.

1 OFT in sorrow and in woe,
Onward, christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life!

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall vict'ry tune your song!

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need!

4 Onward then in battle move,
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove
Though oppos'd by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

23rd Sunday after Trinity.

360

(C.M.) YORK.

The glory of Christ in heaven. Heb. ii. 9.

1 O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through ev'ry heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive at his feet.

3 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

361

(8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

The Lord's return. Phil. iii. 20, 21.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face!
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

362

(C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

The christian's hope. 1 Pet. v. 7.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give!

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet,
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

363

(8.8.6.) KEDRON.

Prayer for the Queen. 1 Sam. x. 24. Matt. xxii. 21.

1 LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all who bear the sov'reign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,
Rulers, and governors, and powers;
And, lo, in faith we pray for ours,
Nor let us pray in vain!

2 Upon her shower thy blessings down,
Crown her with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joys!
While wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our churches bless,
And praise the land employs.

364

(8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Salvation by Christ. Phil. iii. 8, 9.

1 O THOU, who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt not thou save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffer'd once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood:
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God!

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send!
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"*Thy Maker* is thy friend!"

23rd Sunday after Trinity

365

(C.M.) IRISH.

The death of believers. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

24th Sunday after Trinity

366

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

Praise for salvation. Titus ii. 14.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us!
Praise his name, for ever dear!
Praise his blessed name, who gave us
Eyes to see, and ears to hear!
Praise the Saviour,
Object of our love and fear!

2 Grace it was, 'twas grace abounding,
Brought him down to save the lost:
Ye above, his throne surrounding,
Praise him, praise him all his host!
Saints adore him!
Ye are they who owe him most.

3 Ye, of all his hand created,
Objects are of grace alone;
Aliens once, but reinstated,
Destin'd now to fill a throne:
Sing with wonder!
Sing of what our Lord has done!

4 Praise his Name, who died to save us!
'Tis by him his people live;
And in him the Father gave us
All that boundless love could give:
Life eternal
In our Saviour we receive.

367 (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

The pilgrim's prayer. Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 O THOU, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!

3 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

4 If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till *toil, and grief,* and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace!

368

(L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

Prayer for the reign of Christ. Ps. xlv. 3.

1 JESUS, immortal King, go on,
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to thee!

2 Gird on thy sword, victorious chief,
The captive sinner's sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own!

3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace!
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done!

4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in ev'ry breast;
Weapons for war design'd shall cease,
Or then be implements of peace.

5 Hark! How the hosts triumphant sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King;"
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his!

369

(S.M.) SHIRLAND.

The greatness of Christ's love. Gal. ii. 20.

1 WE sing of him who died,
Who died in love to us;
The Lord of life was crucified;
He sav'd his people thus.

2 This proof of love he gave;
No greater could be given;
He shed his precious blood to save
And bring his saints to heaven.

3 Redeem'd from earth and hell,
And made the heirs of heaven;
How much they owe, (what tongue can tell?)
Whose sins are all forgiven!

4 A glorious hope they have;
A hope that grace supplies;
A hope that looks beyond the grave,
Of joy that never dies.

5 Exalt we then his Name,
Whom all in heaven adore;
And let us join to praise the Lamb,
The Lamb for evermore!

370

(11's.) SMITH'S 149TH.

Praise for salvation. 1 Pet. i. 2.

1 THEE, Father, we bless, whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show forth thy praise!
Nor is thy love known by election alone;
For O, thou hast added the gift of thy Son!

2 To Jesus, our Friend, our thanks shall ascend,
Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end;
Our ransom he paid; in his merit array'd
We attain to the glory for which we were made.

3 Sweet Spirit of grace, thy mercy we bless,
For thy eminent share in the council of peace!
Great Agent divine, to restore us is thine,
And cause us afresh in thy likeness to shine!

4 O God, 'tis thy part to convince and convert,
To give a new life, and create a new heart!
By thy presence and grace we're upheld in our race,
And are kept in thy love to the end of our d

Y 2

371

(L.M.) ST. OLAVE'S.

Praise for the glory and grace of Christ. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! Awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!

2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 [The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.]

5 Grace! 'Tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his Name to harps of gold!

25th Sunday after Trinity

372

(L.M.) SAVOY.

Justification. Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress!
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolv'd through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then, this shall be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me."

4 [Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am!]

5 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail!
Now take the spoils of death and hell!

373

(C.M.) ABRIDGE.

God praised for man's obedience. Isa. xxvi. 12.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends,
Convinc'd that ev'ry perfect gift
From thee alone descends!

2 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of ev'ry virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine!

3 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all!

374 (C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

Spiritual apparel. Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart! Arise, my tongue!
Prepare a tuneful voice!
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

5 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree!

375 (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

The Lord our helper. Amos vii. 2.

1 "BY whom shall Jacob now arise?"
For Jacob's friends are few;
And (what should fill us with surprise)
They seem divided too.

2 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
For Jacob's foes are strong:
I read their triumph in their eyes;
They think he'll fall ere long.

3 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
Can any tell by whom?
Say, shall this branch, that wither'd lies,
Again revive and bloom?

4 Lord, thou canst tell, the work is thine!
The help of man is vain:
On Jacob now arise and shine,
And he shall live again!

376

(L.M.) FEVERSHAM.

General providence, and special grace. Ps. xxxvi. 5—9.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs!

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep!

3 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word!

377

(C.M.) BEDFORD.

The Lord our righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we trust!
Thou art the Lord our righteousness!
Thou art thine Israel's boast!

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

4 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

5 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down!
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown!

NOVEMBER 30TH. *St. Andrew.*

378

(149TH.) HANOVER.

Praise for redemption. Rom. x. 9.

1 ALL glory to God, let angels proclaim,
And join with the church to honour his name;
All praise to the Saviour, incarnate, who bled,
And, mighty to ransom, arose from the dead!

2 Proclaim the glad sound of mercy and love,
Till all the redeem'd assembl'd above,
Renew'd by the Spirit, and ransom'd by blood,
[redacted]r inherit the kingdom of God!

DECEMBER 21ST.

379 (C.M.) ST. STEPHEN'S.

Faith in God. Rom. iv. 13. John xx. 31.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath rais'd him from the dead!

2 Faith in thy power thou seest I have,
For thou this faith hast wrought;
Dead souls thou callest from their grave,
And speakest worlds from nought!

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done."

4 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love!

JANUARY 25TH. *The Conversion of St. Paul.*

380 (C.M.) DEVIZES.

The Saviour's triumphs. Matt. xix. 28. Acts ix. 15.

1 HAIL! Mighty Saviour! How divine
Is thy victorious sword!
Thy foes their weapons must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 The vict'ries of thy truth complete,
Till all the faithful race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conqu'ring grace!

3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be *glory as it was*, is now,
And shall be evermore!

FEBRUARY 2ND.

381

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

The birth of Christ. Luke ii. 30—32.

1 CHRIST is born, go tell the story,
Tell the nations of his birth:
Tell them that the "Lord of Glory"
Comes from heaven to dwell on earth:
Let the tidings
Fill the world with sacred mirth!

2 See he lies in yonder manger;
"Prince of Life," his title is:
'Midst his own, and yet a stranger,
All things seen and unseen his:
Yet neglected:
Wonder, O ye heavens, at this!

3 See fulfill'd prophetic vision,
"Unto us a child is born;"
Though an object of derision,
Though the theme of human scorn;
Yet his people
Hail his birth, and cease to mourn.

4 Hail Immanuel! Child of promise!
"Lord of all," in humble guise!
Long detain'd, and absent from us,
Come at length to bless our eyes!
Hail Immanuel!
God the Saviour, only wise!

FEBRUARY 24TH. *St. Matthias.*

382

(112TH.) EATON.

Prayer for wisdom and rest. Matt. xi. 25—30.

1 O GOD of wisdom, God of might,
Great Ruler in the realms of light:
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes,
But make the babe and suckling wise.

In mercy help thy servants, Lord,
To hear and understand thy word!

2 Reveal thy Scriptures to our mind;
Here let us heavenly treasures find;
Do thou those sacred leaves unfold;
Let us thy richest grace behold;
O let thy Spirit lead us forth,
And teach us all its endless worth!

3 In thee alone the weary find
Rest for the heavy-laden mind;
Teach us to bear, as in thy sight,
Thy easy yoke, thy burden light;
Grant us thy peace, and make us blest
With present and eternal rest!

The Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.

383 MARCH 25TH. (7's.) HART'S.

Praise to the Redeemer. Luke i. 31, 33.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, our Peace and Righteousness:
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven!

2 Son of God, to thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only thou:
Thou, the woman's promis'd seed,
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed!

3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing!
Thee we praise, our Priest and King!
Worthy is thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace!

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought to set thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to thee

384 APRIL 25TH.

(C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

Christ's care of ministers and churches. Rev. ii. 1.

1 WE bless th' eternal Source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine,
And through this dark beclouded world
Diffuse the rays divine.

2 We bless the church's sovereign King,
Whose golden lamps we are;
Fix'd in the temples of his love,
To shine with radiance fair.

3 Still be our purity preserv'd;
Still fed with oil the flame;
And in deep characters inscrib'd
Our heavenly Master's name!

4 Then while between our ranks he walks,
And all our state surveys,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck
The people of his praise.

385 MAY 1ST. *St. Philip and St. James.*

(C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

The song of the church triumphant. Rev. v. 12.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of ev'ry kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeem'd above,
"Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love."

3 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save."
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

4 Then, hallelujah! Power and praise
To God in Christ be given!
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven!

St. Barnabas. JUNE 11TH.

386 (C.M.) BEDFORD.

Christian love. John xv. 12.

1 TEACH us each other, Lord, to love;
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law;
Let love command our hearts!

2 Teach us to glorify thy Name,
Redeem'd by sacred blood;
Be works of mercy our delight,
Well pleasing to our God!

St. John Baptist. JUNE 24TH.

387 (C.M.) WARWICK.

The way of the Lord prepared. Isa. xl. 1—5.

1 BEHOLD your God, the Lamb of God,
Who takes our sins away;
Who opens, through the realms of death,
The path to endless day.

2 Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
Sunk ev'ry mountain low!
The contrite and the humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

3 The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord,
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

4 Behold the Morning Star arise,
Diffusing heavenly rays;
Hail! Light divine! Guide thou our
To everlasting days!

JUNE 29TH.

388 *Characters and offices of Christ.* (S.M.) SHIRLAND. Matt. xvi. 16.

1 CHRIST is th' eternal Rock,
On which his Church is built;
The Shepherd of his little flock;
The Lamb that took our guilt;

2 Our Counsellor, our Guide,
Our Brother, and our Friend;
The Bridegroom of his chosen bride
Who loves her to the end.

3 He is the Son to free;
The Bishop he to bless;
The full Propitiation he;
The Lord our Righteousness;

4 His body's glorious Head;
Our Advocate who pleads;
Our Priest who pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
And ever intercedes.

5 Soldiers, your Captain own!
Domestics, serve your Lord!
Sinners, the Saviour's love make known!
Saints, hymn th' incarnate Word!

6 The Witness sure and true
Of God's good will to men;
The Alpha and th' Omega too;
The first and last Amen.

JULY 25TH. *St. James.*

389 *Heaven on earth.* (C.M.) ST. JAMES'. Matt. vi. 20, 21. Col. iii. 1—4.

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at ev'ry stage.

2 From earth his freed affections rise
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

3 Ah! There may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still, where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound!

4 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne!
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

St. Bartholomew. AUGUST 24TH.

390 (8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

The hope of glory. Luke xxii. 28—30. Rom. ii. 7. 2 Tim. ii. 12.

1 BEHOLD, the Lamb in glory stands,
Incircled with his radiant bands,
And join th' angelic powers!
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

2 Who suffer with their Master here,
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down.
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And they, who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

3 Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead;
All conflicts here shall then be past,
And all his saints ascend at last,
Triumphant with their Head.

391 SEPTEMBER 21ST. (L.M.) ANGELS'.
The divine goodness. Ps. xxxiv. 8, 9.

1 TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below!

2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine:
And grace erects our ruin'd frame
A fairer temple to thy Name;

3 Ye saints with joy the theme pursue;
Its sweetest notes belong to you;
Chose by this condescending King,
For ever round his throne to sing!

SEPTEMBER 29TH. *St. Michael.*

392 (L.M.) TRURO.
Satan vanquished. Rev. xii. 7—12.

1 NOW is the hour of darkness past:
Christ has assum'd his reigning power:
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more!

2 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down!
'Twas by thy word and powerful name
They gain'd the battle and renown!

3 Rejoice, ye heavens! Let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky!
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high!

OCTOBER 18TH. *St. Luke.*

393 (C.M.) LONDON NEW.
Assurance of heaven. 2 Tim. iv. 6—8, 18.

1 GOD has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
*The right*eous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

2 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all who love, and long to see,
Th' appearance of his Son.

3 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

4 God is my everlasting Aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise! Amen.

St. Simon and St. Jude. OCTOBER 28TH.

394 (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Christian union. Eph. iv. 3, 4.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below, and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.

Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong!

Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the Heart,
Its life from thee, the Soul!

NOVEMBER 1ST.

395

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Saints in glory. Rev. vii. 13, 14.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Baptism.

396

(C.M.) WILTSHIRE.

Children dedicated to God. Rom. xi. 16—18, 24.

1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive-wood;
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew:
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood!

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last,
In one eternal home.

397 (C.M.) YORK.

Christ's gracious reception of little children. Mark x. 14.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! How he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear!
Ye children, seek his face,
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace!

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That *care* shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

398

(L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.

Children dedicated to God. 1 Sam. i. 27, 28.

1 GOD of that glorious gift of grace,
By which thy people seek thy face,
Here in thy presence we appear;
Vouchsafe us faith to enter near!

2 Confiding in thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesu's throne,
We lay the treasure thou hast given,
To be receiv'd and rear'd for heaven.

3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend [him] for ever, Lord, to thee:
Assur'd, that, if to thee [he] live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

4 Make [him] and keep [him] thine, O Lord,
Meekly obedient to thy word;
Grant [him] to walk in faith and love,
Then call [him] to thy home above!

399

(S.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Prayer for a blessing on children. Gen. xlviii. 16. 3 John 4.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race!
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace!

2 O, what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine!
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children [*this infant*] thine!

400

(L.M.) CLAPHAM RISE.

Prayer for a blessing in baptism. Matt. xxviii. 19.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

2 Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood!
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal each [*this*] child, a child of God!

401

(C.M.) ABRIDGE.

A prayer at baptism. Rom. vi. 3.

1 JESUS, we lift our souls to thee!
Thy powerful spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptiz'd into thy death!

2 O let thine unction on [him] rest;
Thy grace [his] soul renew;
And write, within [his] tender breast,
Thy name and nature too!

3 If thou shouldst quickly end [his] days,
[His] place with thee prepare!
Or, if thou lengthen out [his] race,
Continue still thy care!

4 Thy faithful servant may [he] prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in thy dying love,
A follower of thine!

5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above!

402

(L.M.) CLAPHAM HIGH.

Prayer to the Holy Spirit. Prov. i. 23. Ez. xxxvi. 26, 27, 37.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God!
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode!

2 [Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame;
Teach it to burn with pure desire!]

3 Impress upon my wand'ring mind
The love that Christ to sinners bore;
And give a new and contrite heart,
A heart the Saviour to adore!

4 A brighter faith and hope impart
And let me now the Saviour see!
O soothe and cheer my burden'd heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee!

403

(C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Joy in God's covenant. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 'TIS mine, the cov'nant of his grace,
And ev'ry promise mine;
All sprung from everlasting love,
And seal'd by blood divine.

2 On my unworthy, favour'd head,
Its blessings all unite;
Blessings more num'rous than the stars,
More lasting and more bright.

3 That cov'nant the last accent claims
Of this poor falt'ring tongue;
And that shall the first notes employ
Of my celestial song.

404

(8.7.) SICILIAN.

Christ crucified. 1 Pet. ii. 24.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

405

(C.M.) PATMOS.

Christ's dying love. Zech. xii. 10. 1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord!

406

(L.M.) WAREHAM.

The Lord's supper. 1 Cor. xi. 28.

1 MY God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know!

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes!

4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end!

5 [Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give!]

407

(8.M.) SHIRLAND.

Communion with Christ. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We, the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

4 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

5 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious Name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise!

408 (C.M.) WILTSHIRE.

The good land. Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair:
For sin, the source of mortal woe
Can never enter there.

3 O may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above!

4 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky!

409

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

Godly sorrow for Christ's sufferings. Lam. i. 12. 1 Pet. ii. 1

1 ALAS! And did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears:

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do!

410

(L.M.) ACTON.

Praise to the Saviour. Neh. ix. 5.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
(Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worship at his feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

11 (L.M.) ANGELS'.

Christian communion. John vi. 55, 56.

1 IN sacred fellowship we meet
To celebrate our Saviour's death;
His blood we drink, his flesh we eat,
His people feed on him by faith.

2 How blest the people who are his!
To them the bread of life is given;
How fair, how rich their portion is!
They hope to see their Lord in heaven.

3 Till he appear, his death shall be
Their spring of hope, their theme of joy;
And, when in heaven their Lord they see,
His praise shall all their powers employ.

Affirmation.

12 (C.M.) DEVIZES.

Self-dedication to God. Josh. xxiv. 15—24.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die!

3 The cov'nant, we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

413 (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Rejoicing in our covenant with God. 2 Chron. xv. 12—15.

1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move!

3 Now rest my long-divided heart!
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest!
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

414 (C.M.) ST. GEORGE'S.

The believer's course on earth. Heb. xi. 13—16.

1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun;
Behold the Christian's life!

2 The hosts of Satan pant for spoil;
How can our warfare close?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil;
How can we hope repose?

3 Then let us seek our heavenly home,
The rest for us in store;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more;

4 The land where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,)
Jehovah's ever burning throne
Upholds unbroken day;

5 Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace completes its plan;
And God, uniting ev'ry heart,
Dwells face to face with man!

Marriage.

415 (C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Prayer for God's blessing. John ii. 1, 2.

1 OUR Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
And, Lord, we ask thy presence here
To make a wedding-guest!

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands!
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands!

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dow'ries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest!

4 [In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.]

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a goodly seed
To build a household up!

416 (7's.) HART'S.

Saints in glory. Rev. vii. 9—14.

1 PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conqu'rors they.

2 Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Vict'ry through his cross alone.

3 Who are these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once, of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt,
But were sav'd by sov'reign grace.

4 They were mortal too, like us;
Ah! When we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

417 (Second Part of Hymn 85.) (P.M.) LUTHER.

The resurrection. 1 Thes. iv. 16, 17.

1 THE dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet him.

2 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone,
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.

3 Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

418 (C.M.) IRISH.

On the death of ministers. Jos. i. 2, 6.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry!
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives
New comforts to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

5 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust:
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

419

(8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

The dead in the Lord. Heb. xiii. 7, 8.

1 O GOD, to whom the happy dead
Still live united to their head,
Their Lord and ours the same;
For all thy saints, to mem'ry dear,
Departed in thy faith and fear,
We bless thy holy name!

2 By the same grace upheld, may we
So follow those who follow'd thee,
As with them to partake
The free reward of heavenly bliss!
Merciful Father, grant us this,
For our Redeemer's sake!

420

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

On the death of believers. 2 Cor. v. 8. 1 Thes. iv. 13, 14.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace them in their flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil,
Which hides the world of light.

3 Thus much (and this is all) we know
They are completely blest,
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

4 While they have gain'd, we losers are;
We miss them day by day;
But thou canst ev'ry breach repair,
And wipe our tears away!

5 We pray, as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of thy grace
To us, who stay, be sent!

421

(7.6.) M. HAYDN'S.

The judgment. Dan. xii. 1, 2.

1 WHILE conscious sinners tremble
To hear the trumpet sound,
That bids the dead assemble
The judgment-seat around:
O then, amid that number
May I the call obey,
Who burst the bands of slumber,
To meet a glorious day!

Morning.

422

(L.M.) MORNING.

A morning hymn. Ps. xcii. 1, 2.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run!
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice!

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King!

3 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite!

423 (S.M.) ST. BRIDE'S.

Life's uncertainty. Jas. iv. 13, 14.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command!

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young!

4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursu'd,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd!

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night!

Evening

424 (L.M.) EVENING.

An evening hymn. Ps. iv. 8.

1 ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be!

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day!

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake!

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

425 (C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Praise for the mercies of the day. Ps. cxli. 2.

1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise!
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies!

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renew'd by thee!

426 (L.M.) WARRHAM.

An evening hymn. Isa. xlv. 7. Lam. iii. 22, 23.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers!

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise!

427 (P.M.) SICILIAN.

An evening prayer. Job. xxii. 28. Ps. iv. 8.

1 THROUGH the day thy love has spar'd us;
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us!
Let no foe our peace molest!
Jesus, thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee!

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers!
In thine arms may we repose,
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last!

The Lord's Day Morning.

428 (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

The day of holy rest. Exod. xvi. 29. Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 [One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasureable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.]

429 (P.M.) HARAN.

The sabbath. Gen. ii. 1—3.

1 AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer!

3 So shall the God of mercy, pleas'd, receive
That only tribute man has power to give;
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

4 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

430 (L.M.) WARRHAM.

The eternal sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise!

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love!
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade; no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

431 (7's.) HART'S.

The sabbath a delight. Ps. xcv. 1. Isa. lviii. 13, 14.

1 JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the season be.
Let us sing, for well we may;
Jesus, we will sing of thee!

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing;
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee, our Saviour and our King!

3 Meet it is that we should own
What thy grace has done for us;
Sav'd we are by grace alone,
And we joy to have it thus.

4 'Tis thy grace alone can save;
Ev'ry blessing comes from thee;
All we have and hope to have,
All we are and hope to be.

5 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blessed here and ev'rywhere!
Blessed now and evermore!

432 (L.M.) EVENING.

The day of rest. Gen. ii. 3. Luke xxiii. 56.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day, thy God hath bless'd!

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven!

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which, none but he who feels it, knows!

4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties, let the day
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

433

(L.M.) ANGELS'.

The Lord's day. Isa. lviii. 13.

1 HOW welcome to the saints, when press'd
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile!

2 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met:
And, while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

3 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
Here we thy promis'd presence seek;
Open thine hand with blessings stor'd,
And give us manna for the week!

434

(C.M.) ABINGDON.

Christ's resurrection and our salvation. Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne!

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from the throne!

4 *Blest* be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race!

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

The Lord's Day Evening.

435 (7's.) GERMAN.

Prayer for a blessing. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 NOW may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God!

436 (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Prayer for a sabbath evening. Ps. xliii. 3.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end;

3 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine!

437

(L.M.) SAVOY.

Prayer for a blessing. Isa. liv. 2. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat!
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground!

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew!
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name!

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes!

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

438

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

The mercy-seat. Jas. iv. 8.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer:
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there!

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest!

4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name!

439 (S.M.) SHIRLAND.

The throne of grace. Heb. iv. 16.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond my utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above!

5 Teach me to live by faith!
Conform my will to thine\
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine!

440 (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Prayer for spiritual blessings. 1 Kings iii. 5.

1 AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power!

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thy image let me bear,
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there!

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength,
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length!

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine!

441 (L.M.) ANGELS'.

Prayer for a religious assembly. 1 Kings viii. 30.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here!
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear!

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be!
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow me!"

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With humbling and with healing power,
With killing and with quickening grace!

442

(D.C.M.) ST. MATTHEW'S.

Humble and faithful prayer. Ps. li. 17. John iv. 24.

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore!
Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart!

2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not wholly thine!
May faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it, or denies!

443

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Prayer for a blessing in the sanctuary. 1 Cor. iii. 6.

1 FATHER of love, to thee I bend
My heart, and lift mine eyes!
O let my prayer and praise ascend
As odours to the skies!

2 Thy pard'ning voice I come to hear,
To know thee as thou art:
Thy ministers can reach the ear,
But thou must touch the heart.

3 O stamp me in thy heavenly mould,
And grant thy word applied
May bring forth fruit an hundred-fold,
And speak me justified!

2.

444

(7's.) BRADEN.

God's blessing sought. Jer. xxix. 13.

1 LORD, we come before thee now!
At thy feet we humbly bow!
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow!

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford!
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart!

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind!
Heal the sick! The captive free!
Let us all rejoice in thee!

445

(8.7.) BENEDICTION.

Prayer for peace. 2 Thess. iii. 16.

1 PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to ev'ry soul therein,
Peace, the fore-taste of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of cancell'd sin!
Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace, to sensual minds unknown,
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne!

2 Prince of Peace, if thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
[redacted] thy swift appearing cheer us;
Quickly let thy kingdom come:

Answer all our expectatation;
Give our raptur'd souls to prove
Glorious, uttermost salvation,
Heavenly, everlasting love!

Before Sermon.

446 (8.7.4.) WALMER.

Prayer for spiritual increase. 1 Cor. iii. 7.

1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed!
Let each heart thy grace inherit:
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel,
Now supply thy people's need!

2 Help us all to seek the blessing,
Which thou waitest now to give!
Let us all thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever,
To thy praise and glory live!

447 (L.M.) FEVERSHAM.

Prayer for a blessing on ministers. Ps. lxvii. 1. 1 Thess. ii. 19.

1 LORD, cause thy face on us to shine;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thy earthly dwelling-place!

2 Bless all, whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things:
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless:
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness!

3 Let many, in the judgment-day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear,
Save those who preach, and those who h

448 (C.M.) IRISH.

Christ the resurrection and the life. John xi. 25

1 "I AM," saith Christ, "your glorious head,"
(May we attention give)
The resurrection of the dead,
The life of all that live.

2 By faith in me the soul receives
New life, though dead before:
And he, who in my name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

3 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here!
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear!

4 Preserve the power of faith alive
In those, who love thy Name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

5 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all!

For Schools.

449 (7's.) HART'S.

Children praising God. Isa. xlii. 12.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live!
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain!

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost!
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire!

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love!"

450 (C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Children praying for grace. Ps. xci. 16. Jer. ii. 4.

1 O LORD our God, thy light and truth,
To us thy children send,
That we may serve thee in our youth,
And love thee to the end!

2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wand'ring heart, and wayward mind
Were enemies to God.

3 But friends and guardians now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain,
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain!

4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs;
O Sun of Righteousness arise,
With healing in thy wings!

5 Arise, and o'er this vale of tears,
Shine into perfect day;
*Still heaven*ward, through progressive years,
Pointing the christian's way!

451

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Children seeking God's blessing. Ps. lxviii. 10. Eph. ii. 3–5.

1 THY throne, O God, in righteousness
For ever shall endure!
We bow before it; deign to bless
The children of the poor!

2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care!

3 Strangers to thee, though thine by name,
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gather'd from the world, became
The children of thy choice.

4 Thou art our Shepherd; glorious God,
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold!

452

(8.7.) VIENNA.

Children praising God. Ps. viii. 2. xc. 14.

1 GREAT Jehovah! God of glory!
O let children lisp thy name!
Humbly now we fall before thee,
Thy almighty grace our theme!
Hosts of seraphs, join'd in chorus,
Love divine proclaim on high;
Hear us, hear, O God most glorious,
While the same blest theme we try!

2 *Hail* Immanuel! Once incarnate,
Bleeding, dying on the tree!
Little children thou invitest,
Without dread to come to thee:

At thy word behold us coming;
May we Lord thy mercy prove!
Number us among thy children,
Thee to serve, and trust and love!

3 "May we live to know and fear thee,
Trust and lôve thee all our days,
Then go dwell for ever near thee,
See thy face, and sing thy praise."
Jesus, God of consolation,
Best of friends in pity move!
Bless us, Lord, with thy salvation,
And accept our infant love!

Laying First Stone of a Church.

453 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Prayer for God's presence in his house. Ps. xxvi. 8.

1 O KING of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own!
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below!

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragant to the skies!
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!

3 Here may thy future sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days!
Here, Lord, display thy sov'reign power,
While temples stand, and men adore!

454

(L.M.) ANGELS'.

Prayer for God's blessing in his house. 1 Kings viii. 38—40.

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to thee,
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary!

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, thou, in Heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great Name
Be mighty signs and wonders done!

4 [Hosanna! To their heavenly King
When children's voices raise that song;
Hosanna! Let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong!]

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone!
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart!
In ev'ry bosom fix thy throne!

The Consecration or Opening of a Church.

455

(C.M.) ABRIDGE.

Prayer for God's presence in his house. 2 Chron. v. 13, 14. Ps. cxxii. 7.

1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display!
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray!

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

456 (7's.) GERMAN.

Dedication of a sanctuary to God. Isa. lvi. 7.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise!
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer!

2 [Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here in hope of glory bless'd,
May the dead be laid to rest.]

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! Earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
Hallelujah! Hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end!

457

(L.M.) SAVOY.

God's presence in his house. Ps. lxxxvii. 5; cxxii. 7.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace!

3 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

Missions at Home

458

(L.M.) ROCKINGHAM.

Sympathy with our neglected fellow-countrymen. Ps. cxix. 136, 158

1 ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise!
To torrents melt my streaming eyes!
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal!

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd; the soul undone.

3 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame!

4 *But* feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

459 (L.M.) SAVOY.

Prayer for our neglected fellow-countrymen. Matt. ix. 36.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see!
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Still let the publicans draw near;
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And witness all their sins forgiven.

460 (L.M.) WAREHAM.

Prayer for a revival of religion. Isa. lxii. 6, 7. Hab. iii. 2.

1 INDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 Loud let the Gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar:
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

3 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,
And on his vineyard sweetly smile;
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn our church, adorn our Isle.

4 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers,
That we may call our God our Friend:
That we may hail salvation ours.

461

(112TH.) CAREY'S.

Sympathy with colonists. Isa. lx. 8.

1 CHURCHES of Christ, by God's right hand
Thick planted in this favour'd land,
If to your hearts his word be dear,
O think of those who pine to hear,
Far from their native shores exil'd,
A pastor's voice amid the wild!

2 O let a voice of comfort bless
The lone and rugged wilderness!
Send faithful shepherds forth, to feed
The scatter'd wand'rers in their need:
Straight paths for feeble knees prepare,
And drooping hands sustain by prayer.

3 The heathen, who in darkness lay,
Wake to the dawn of heavenly day:
But shall a worse than pagan night
O'ertake the race that dwelt in light,
And Britain's God, to Britons thrown
On distant shores, become unknown?

4 Great Shepherd of the ransom'd seed,
For thy dispersed ones we plead!
How shall these multitudes be fed?
'Tis thine to multiply the bread:
Richly hast thou our wants supplied;
By us, for them, for all, provide.

Missions to the Jews.

462

(8.M.) SHIRLAND.

Prayer for the Jews. Ps. cxxii. 5. Isa. xlix. 22.

1 ALMIGHTY God of love,
Set up, th' attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine!

2 Send, then, thy servants forth
To call the Hebrews home;
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wand'rers come.

3 Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain,
Bid ev'ry creature help them on,
The holy mount to gain.

4 With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfill'd,
The family complete.

463 (L.M.) WAREHAM.

Prayer for the conversion of the Jews. Ps. lxviii. 1. Ez. xxxvii. 4.

1 ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race!
Restore the long-lost scatter'd band:
Recal them to their native land.

2 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love?
For ever shall thine anger burn?
And wilt thou never, Lord, return?

3 In pity their backslidings heal;
Their trespass hide; their pardon seal;
O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
Grant them again thy love to share!

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each tuneful heart:
May Israel's ransom'd tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

464 (8.7.) VIENNA.

The glories of the latter day. Ps. cxlvi. 10. Isa. xxxv. 10.

1 SION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day:
What though none on earth assist him?
God requires not help from man;
What though all the world resist him?
God will realize his plan.

2 Nations now from God estranged
Then shall see a glorious light,
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight:
See the ancient idols falling,
Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd!
Men on Sion's King are calling,
Sion's King by all ador'd!

3 Then shall Israel, long dispersed,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chast'ning rod:
Then all Israel shall be saved,
War and tumult then shall cease,
While the greater Son of David
Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

4 Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign!

Angels, in their lofty station,
Praise thy Name, thou only wise!
O let earth, with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies!

465 (112TH.) EATON.

Salvation. Isa. lii. 1—8, 9, 10, 15.

1 SION, awake, put on thy strength,
Resume thy beautiful array!
The promis'd Saviour comes at length,
To chase thy guilt and grief away:
Thee for his purchase God shall own,
And save thee by his dying Son.

2 Jerusalem, be holy now,
Satan no more shall dwell in thee;
Wash'd from thy sin, and white as snow,
Prepare thy God-made-man to see;
Prepare Immanuel to behold,
And hear his peaceful message told!

3 "Ye desert places, sing for joy!
Lost man, your hymns of wonder raise!
Let holy shouts invade the sky,
And ev'ry altar flame with praise!
For I, Almighty to redeem,
Have comforted Jerusalem."

4 "Look out, and see Immanuel come,
Myriads to sprinkle with his blood!
He many nations shall bring home,
And save them from the wrath of God;
And earth's remotest bounds shall see
The great salvation wrought by me."

466

(L.M.) ACTON.

The restoration of the Jews. Isa. lii. 1, 2.

1 TRIUMPHANT Sion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 God from on high thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Rear'd and adorn'd by love divine,
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.

3 Grace shall dispose my heart and voice
To share and echo back her joys;
Nor will her watchful monarch cease
To guard her in eternal peace.

467

(L.M.) ST. PETER'S.

Prayer for Israel's restoration. Ez. xxxvii. 9. Rom. xi. 23.

1 O WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground?

2 O God of Jacob, view their race!
Back to the fold the wand'rers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace;
To hail, in Christ, their promis'd King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise!

468

(7's.) HART'S.

Praise for redemption. Isa. xii.

1 I WILL praise thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away:
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Praise ye then his glorious Name;
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds;
Excellent are all his deeds.

3 Raise again the joyful sound;
Let the nations roll it round;
Sion, shout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee!

469

(L.M.) SAVOY.

Prayer for Israel's conversion. Zech. xii. 10. John vii. 34.

1 GREAT God of Abr'ham, hear our prayer;
Let Abr'ham's seed thy mercy share!
O may they now at length return,
And look on him they pierc'd, and mourn!

2 Remember Jacob's flock of old;
Bring home the wand'rers to thy fold;
Remember, too, thy promis'd word,
"Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

3 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts!
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.

4 O haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng!)
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour
And one Redeemer shall adore!

470

(C.M.) UNIVERSITY.

The world invited to praise God. Isa. xlii. 10—12.

1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye, who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around!

2 O city of the Lord, begin
The universal song,
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong!

3 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice:

4 Till, 'midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all combin'd, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

471

(L.M.) ACTON.

Prayer for the revival of Eastern churches. Rev. ii. 5.

1 O LORD, thine ancient churches spare,
Which still thy name, though fallen, bea
Where once thy bold apostles stood,
And seal'd thy truth with martyrs' blood!

2 Where now the Turk his power extends,
And vainly to his prophet bends,
There let again thy gospel shine
With beams all bright, and power divine.

3 Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
There let the cross its banner wave;
While Syria sees her churches rise,
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.

4 O let the day-spring, Lord, arise
On ev'ry land beneath the skies;
And earth's dark climes adoring prove
The heights and depths of pard'ning love!

472 (P.M.) BERMONDSEY.

Prayer for the illumination of the world. Gen. i. 3.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace
And, in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
O'er the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light!"

473

(7.6.) M. HAYDN'S.

Christians bearing salvation to the heathen. Acts xvi. 9.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile—
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole;

'Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign!

474 (7's.) HART'S.

The reign of Christ. Rev. xix. 6.

1 HARK! The song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:

2 Hallelujah! For the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! Let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah! Hark! The sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath around,
All creation's harmonies:

4 See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:

6 Then the end; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

475

(L.M.) KENT.

Prayer for the wider proclamation of the gospel. Josh. v. 14. Matt. ix. 37, 38.

1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high!
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a num'rous army nigh.

2 A solemn jubilee proclaim:
Proclaim the great sabbatic day:
Assert the glories of thy Name:
Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.

3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The myst'ry to the heart explain.

476

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Prayer for the conversion of the heathen. Ps. xcvi. 10.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine!

2 But, Lord, thy greater love hath sent
Thy Gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind!

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslav'd, become
The freedmen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays:
And rear on sin's demolish'd throne
The temples of thy praise!

477 (L.M.) ANGELS'.

The latter day. Isa. xl. 3—5.

1 WITH sacred joy our souls survey
The glories of the latter day;
Its dawn already seems begun,
Sure earnest of the rising sun.

2 The men of God assembled stand,
A chosen consecrated band,
The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, "Behold the way!"

3 "Behold the way!" The heralds cry;
With strength they raise their voices high,
And, faithful to their Master's will,
Their sacred embassy fulfil.

4 The north gives up. The south no more
Keeps back her long neglected store.
From east and west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

5 Auspicious dawn! Thy glorious ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
O Lord, arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

478 (148TH.) PORTSMOUTH NEW.

The conversion of the world. Ps. cvii. 1, 3. lxxii. 10, 11.

1 WITH songs of grateful praise
Surround Jehovah's seat
The goodness of his ways
Through all the earth repeat;
His mercy rose Ere time was known,
And from his throne Eternal flows!

2 He bids his light arise,
And sends his Gospel forth;
From east to west it flies,
And fills the south and north:
His mighty grace Its power imparts
And willing hearts His truth embrace.

3 Then far as isles extend,
To the vast ocean's bound,
Let kings to Jesus bend,
And pour their off'rings round:
Arabia raise The song divine,
And Afric join T' exalt his praise!

4 Let India's fertile shore
Its gifts and honours bring,
To hail the Saviour's power,
To crown Immanuel King:
Remotest lands Their homage pay,
Till all obey His high commands!

479 (L.M.) ROCKINGHAM.

Prayer for the heathen. Mal. i. 11.

1 JESUS, arise with saving might,
Send forth the tidings of thy love;
Disperse the gloom of nature's night,
With beams of mercy from above!

2 Look down from heaven, incline thine ear,
Thou Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Bright Day-spring from on high appear,
And dawn with healing on thy wings!

3 The isles await thy coming Lord!
A herald voice prepares thy way;
O haste the promise of thy Word!
O bid the heathen own thy sway!

Temporal relief.

480

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Gratitude for mercies received. Ps. cxvi. 12, 13.

1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! From such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I should owe him most.

481

(L.M.) NEW SABBATH.

For a friendly society. Ps. cxlvi. 9.

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In him our spirits shall rejoice;
Assembled here with sweet accord,
Our hearts shall praise him with our voice.

2 The poor are his peculiar care,
To them his promises are sure;
His gifts "the poor in spirit" share;
O may we always thus be poor!

3 God of our hope, to thee we bow:
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The husband of the widow thou,
The Father of the fatherless!

4 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear!

5 Then may our union, here begun,
Endure for ever, firm and free;
At thy right hand may we be one,
One with each other, and with thee!

482

National Humiliation.

(C.M.) ST. MARY'S.

God trusted in trouble. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 WHAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply.

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see:
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be:

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

483 (C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

A stricken people seeking God. Dan. ix. 8—19.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear!"

4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile?

5 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace!
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

484

(C.M.) IRISH.

The contrite turning to God. Hos. vi. 1—3.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return!
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

6 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

485

(C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Trust in God. Ex. xvii. 11.

1 OUR banner is th' eternal God,
Nor will we yield to fear;
Amidst ten thousand fierce assaults,
His mighty aid is near.

2 To him the hands of faith we stretch,
And plead experienc'd grace;
To him the voice of prayer we raise,
Nor will he hide his face.

3 Our fainting hands, how soon they droop!
But thou the weak canst raise;
And in the mount of prayer canst leave
An altar to thy praise.

486

(8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

The signs of Christ's return. Luke xxi. 25—28.

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their Guardian-rock,
In all commotions rest!
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmov'd above the storm they lie
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess:
The war proclaims thee Prince of Peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

National Humiliation.

487 (8.8.6.) KEDRON.

Prayer for faith in affliction. Jas. i. 17.

1 GREAT God, unchangeably the same,
In all afflictive scenes, thy Name
Teach me engrav'd to view!
Teach me to see thy hand divine
Thy providence and promise join,
And own thy record true.

2 To live to thee be all my care;
To trust thee be my daily prayer;
To honour thee my aim.
My grand concern thy grace to prove;
My lesson to discern thy love,
Through ev'ry change the same.

3 The veil withdrawn, thy saints shall trace
The various leadings of thy grace,
And chant, with seraphs' love,
How glory, rich in heavenly fruits,
Springs from affliction's bitter roots
In the bright world above.

National Thanksgiving.

488 (8.M.) MOUNT EPHRAIM.

God's power and goodness. Zech. ii. 5.

1 O THE almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore!

2 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well;
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

3 Salvation to the King,
Who sits enthron'd above!
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

489 (8.7.) VIENNA.

Praise and prayer for national mercies. 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.

1 LORD of heaven, of earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God!
Source, reveal'd in sacred story,
Of each good and perfect thing,
Lord of life, of light, and glory,
Guide thy church, and guard our Queen!

2 Thee, with humble adoration,
Laud we now for mercies past;
Still to this most favour'd nation,
May those mercies ever last!
Britons then, through future story,
With their prayers shall praises sing;
Lord of life, of light, and glory,
Guide thy church, and guard our Queen!

490 (7's.) HART'S.

Praise for God's natural gifts. Ps. ciii. 1—5. Jer. v. 24.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

3 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

491 (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

Praise for harvest. Gen. viii. 22. Jer. v. 24.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew!

4 These various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

492 (L.M.) EVENING.

Praise for God's greatness. Ps. cxlv.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy Name!

5 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

493 (L.M.) WINCHESTER NEW.

Praise for God's goodness. Ps. lxv. 9—13.

1 GREAT God, from thy exhaustless store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound!

2 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
Where'er thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

3 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful plains; the vallies bring
Their plenteous crops of full-ear'd corn,
They seem for joy to shout and sing.

4 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the yer

494 (L.M.) ANGELIS.

God's help acknowledged. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 MY Helper, God, I bless his Name!
The same his power! His grace the same!
The tokens of his friendly care,
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Thus far his arm has led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

3 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

495 (7's.) GERMAN.

The swiftness of time. Ps. xc. 4—6.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:

2 Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view.

4 Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

96 (L.M.) WAREHAM.

The year crowned with God's goodness. Ps. lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year!

2 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With op'ning light, and evening shade!

3 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

se of the Year.

97 (P.M.) SION.

Praise for past mercies. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 THE Lord, our Salvation and Light,
The Guide and the Strength of our days,
Has brought us together to-night,
A new Ebenezer to raise:
The year we have now passed through
His goodness with blessings has crown'd;
Each morning his mercies were new;
Then let our thanksgivings abound!

2 To Jesus, who sits on the throne,
Our best hallelujahs we bring;
To thee it is owing alone
That we are permitted to sing:
Assist us, we pray, to lament
The sins of the year that is past;
And grant that the next may be spent
Far more to thy praise than the last.

498

(L.M.) ACTON.

Grateful commemoration of past deliverances. Ps. cxvi. 8, 9.

1 GREAT Source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice!

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were heavens foundations laid;
And all the charms of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord,
Kindled by him, by him restor'd;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when by him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

499

(C.M.) IRISH.

Time and eternity. Ps. xc. 9, 10.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'lling to the grave.

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

500 (C.M.) BROMSGROVE.

The near approach of salvation. Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE ye saints, and raise your eyes
And raise your voices high:
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shows salvation nigh!

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

501 (C.M.) WILTSHIRE.

God's care of his people. Ps. lvi. 4.

1 IN God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do—
The offspring of the dust.

2 When to thy throne I raise my cry
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky!
So near is God to me!

3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord!
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "how faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways!"

4 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O set thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee!

502 (L.M.) DOVERSDALE.

A living and a dead faith. Heb. xii. 14. Jas. ii. 26.

1 THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere;
While all the loud professor says
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precept's holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch, and pray,
Show who are pleasing in his sight.

3 Not words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own:
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,
Return the Saviour words alone.

4 With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holiness express'd,
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.

5 Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

6 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.

503

(C.M.) IRISH.

A living and a dead faith. 2 Tim. ii. 19.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

504

(C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Trust in God. Ps. xlvi. 1. Heb. x. 23.

1 IN ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
Its anchor-hold is firm in him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up;
I trust a faithful God:
The sure foundation of my hope,
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name!
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

505

(7.6.) M. HAYDN'S.

Joy and peace in believing. Ps. cxviii. 27. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
*E'*en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

3 [It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he, who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.]

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field shall wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

506 (C.M.) LONDON NEW.

Divine perfections. Ps. xxxvi. 5, 9.

1 ABOVE the heavens' created rounds
Thy mercies, Lord, extend!
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

2 From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

3 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

507 (7's.) HART'S.

The communion of saints. Acts ii. 42. 1 Pet. i. 2. 1 John i. 3, 7.

1 GREAT the joy when christians meet!
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When (their theme of praise the same)
They exalt Jehovah's Name!

2 Sing we, then, eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone;
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above;
Took our nature, and our place;
Liv'd and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove;
Chas'd the mists of sin away;
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same;
Where they praise Jehovah's Name!

508 (7's.) GERMAN.

The Holy Scriptures. Ps. cxix. 162.

1 HOLY Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure! Thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine, art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to shew by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel-sinners doom!
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! Thou art mine!

509 (C.M.) ST. ANN'S.

The hope of glory. 2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 O HAPPY souls that live on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
Their hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids their fear.

2 Their conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and peace combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 Their pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

4 They want no pomp nor royal throne
To raise their honours here:
Content to live and die unknown,
Till Christ, their life, appear.

5 They look to heaven's eternal height,
And hasten to the day,
When Jesus to their ravish'd sight
His glory shall display.

510 (L.M.) ST. PANCRAS.
The believer's safety, God's love. Rom. viii. 35—39.

1 IMMOVEABLE our hope remains;
Within the veil our anchor lies;
Jesus, who wash'd us from our stains,
Shall bear us safely to the skies.

2 Strong in his strength, we boldly say,
For us Immanuel shed his blood;
Who then shall tear our shield away,
Or part us from the love of God?

3 Can tribulation, or distress,
Or persecution's fiery sword?
Can Satan rob us of our peace,
Or prove too mighty for the Lord?

4 Founded on Christ, secure we stand,
Seal'd with his Spirit's inward seal;
We soon shall gain the promis'd land,
Triumphant o'er the powers of hell.

5 The winds may roar, the floods beset,
And rains impetuous descend;
Yet will he not his own forget,
But love, and save them to the end.

511 (112TH.) EATON.
Rest in God. Eph. iii. 18, 19.

1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee!

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of ev'ry motion there:

Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee!

3 [O wean this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All:"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice!]

512 (C.M.) BEXLEY.

The Word of God, the saint's portion. Deut. viii. 3. Ps. cxix. 3. Jer. xv. 16.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage!
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

513

(L.M.) ROCKINGHAM.

Praise for creation and redemption. Ps. cxxxix. 14. Isa. liii. 5. Rev. i. 5, 6.

1 SEE how created nature stands
Obedient to its Maker's nod,
And in the wonders of his hands,
Holds forth to all the praise of God!

2 But in the grace, which saveth men,
Jehovah's glory chiefly shines,
Engraven by Jehovah's pen
In precious blood and strongest lines.

3 [Here I am taught to read his heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart
To make the purchas'd pleasure mine.]

4 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died!
Eternal life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would for ever speak his Name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

514

(C.M.) YORK.

Spiritual joy. Neh. viii. 10. 1 Pet. i. 8, 9.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

3 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

4 These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

5 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But, if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not
Such joys as earth affords!

515

(8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

The blackslider's prayer. Hos. xiv. 2. Luke xv. 21.

1 THOU sinner's Advocate with God,
Our only trust is in thy blood!
Thou all-atoning Lamb,
The virtue of thy death impart,
Speak comfort to our drooping heart,
And tell us all thy Name!

2 Give us thy pard'ning love to feel,
And freely our backslidings heal,
Repair our faith's decay;
Restore the sweetness of thy grace,
Reveal the glories of thy face,
And take our sins away.

3 Speak, Lord, and let us find thee near!
O come and dissipate our fear!
Declare our sins forgiven.
Return, thou Prince of Peace! Return,
Thou Comforter of all that mourn,
And guide us safe to heaven.

516

(P.M.) TALLIS'.

Prayer to the Holy Ghost. Matt. iii. 11. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire!
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes. Give peace at home.
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song:

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

517

(C.M.) DR. HAYES' 127TH.

The power of faith. Heb. xi. 1, 2, 33.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And lives in heavenly light.

2 *It* sets times past in present view;
Brings distant prospects home;
On wonders old it lives anew,
And feeds on those to come.

It sees the earth, it sees the skies,
Obedient to the Lord,
From nothing into being rise
At his creative word.

The holy line, in sacred page
Enroll'd, and one by one
Brought unto God in ev'ry age,
By faith have kept their crown.

And lo, within th' eternal gates,
Where led their deathless way,
For us the church imperfect waits
Until the perfect day!

3 (7's.) BRADEN.

Jesus Christ our life. John xv. 5.

SON of God, thy blessing grant!
Still supply my ev'ry want.
Tree of Life, thine influence shed!
With thy sap my spirit feed.

Tend'rest branch, alas, am I!
Wither without thee, and die!
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

Unsustain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call.
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me, to the end.
Give me thy continuing grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

519 (L.M.) ANGELS'.

Glorying in Jesus. Rom. i. 16. Phil. iii. 8—10.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor!
O may I scorn it more and more!

2 Asham'd of Jesus? Of that Friend
On whom for heaven my hopes depend?
It must not be: be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name!

3 Asham'd of Jesus? Yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then (nor is the boasting vain,)
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain:
And, O may this my portion be,
That Saviour not asham'd of me!

520 (C.M.D.) DR. HAYES' 121ST.

Efficacy of Christ's blood. 1 John i. 7. Rev. i. 5, 6.

1 IS there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as stone?
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jesu's blood alone.
One drop of this can truly cheer
And heal the wounded soul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This living stream makes whole!

2 Hark, O my soul! What sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
Hark! The slain Lamb for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone.

The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,
Sing praise to him, who shed his blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.

And this, while here, will we proclaim,
Cheerful in our degree,
That, through the blood of God's dear Lamb,
Each soul may happy be.
But thou, O Lord, make, ev'ry day,
Thy grace to us more sweet,
Till we behold thy wounded side,
And worship at thy feet!

1 (P.M.) SMITH'S 149TH.

se for the preached word. Ps. lxxxix. 15—17. 1 Pet. i. 23—25.

) JESUS, our Lord, thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd through thy word!
n spirit we trace thy wonders of grace,
nd cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

he trumpet of God is sounding abroad
he language of mercy, salvation through blood;
hrice happy are they, who hear, and obey,
nd share in the blessings of this gospel-day!

he people, who know the Saviour below,
Vith burning affection to worship Him glow;
he people are blest, who lean on his breast,
nd have a rich foretaste of his promis'd rest.

his blessing be mine, through favor divine!
ut, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!
he work is of grace; thine, thine be the praise,
nd *mine* to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways

522 (L.M.) CHESTERFIELD.

Joy in Christ. John vi. 68.

1 THOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My refuge! My almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart:
On thee my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round that nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call:
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
Almighty Lord, outweighs them all!

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie
To hear and mark thy words divine:
O let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine!

523 (L.M.) FEVERSHAM.

Prayer for God's presence. Exod. xxxiii. 15.

1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go!
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protector ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest may I flee,
And love alone what pleases thee.

5 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil!
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended in thy praise.

524 (L.M.) EVENING.

Holiness and grace. Matt. v. 16.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

525

(7.6.) M. HAYDN'S.

Burdens cast on Christ. Isa. liii. 4. Matt. ix. 28.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases;
He all my sorrows shares.

2 [I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces;
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is pour'd.]

4 *I long* to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, his praises,
To learn the angel's song.

126 (112TH.) CAREY'S.

Prayer for repentance. Ps. li. 10.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs;
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
To thee I look; my heart prepare,
Suggest and hearken to my prayer!

2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked and poor, and void of thee;
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say;
Thou seest my wants; for help they call;
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse from good, and prone to ill:
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel;
My sin and misery reveal!
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray!
My business this, my only care;
My life, my ev'ry breath be prayer!

527

(C.M.) SALI

Christians exhorted to seek things above. Col. iii. 1-

1 HEARKEN, ye children of your God
Ye heirs of glory, hear!
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into our Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord ye live anew;
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There, at his Father's hand he sits
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love!
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above!

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly:
Lord, send thy strong attractive force
To raise and fix us high!

528

(C.M.) ST. DAVID

The gratitude of children. 2 Tim. iii. 15.

1 FROM the first dawn of infant life,
Thy goodness we have shar'd;
And still we live to sing thy praise
By sovereign mercy spar'd!

2 To seek thy grace, to do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine!

3 While taught to read the word of truth,
May we that word receive!
And when we hear of Jesu's name,
In that bless'd name believe!

4 Let not our feet incline to tread
Sin's broad destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

529 (L.M.) KENT.

The mercy of God. Rom. ix. 16. Eph. i. 4. ii. 9, 10.

1 NOT unto us, but to thy grace,
Great Father of eternal love,
Belongs the everlasting praise,
That sinners hope to dwell above!

2 Jehovah, sov'reign, just and wise,
Laid the foundation of our peace,
Before he built the lofty skies,
Or form'd the earth, or fill'd the seas.

3 Before his all-creating voice
Adorn'd the sun and moon with light,
Or bade the hosts of heaven rejoice,
His saints were precious in his sight.

4 No claim had we, who now enjoy
The smiles of our redeeming God:
He only knows, who chose us, why
Our hearts are his divine abode.

5 How free! How glorious is the grace!
How wonderful the sov'reign love,
Which chose our souls, our time, our place.
And from that choice will ne'er remove

530 (7's.) BRADEN.

A parting hymn. Ps. xxxiv. 3.

1 CHRISTIANS! Brethren! Ere we part,
Ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart,
One glad hymn to God should raise,
One high song of grateful praise.

2 Here we all may meet no more,
But there is a happier shore;
There, releas'd from toil and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again!

3 Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done!
Raise, ye saints, the sound again,
Gladly join the loud Amen!

531 (7's.) GERMAN.

Prayer to Christ. Num. vi. 24—26. Matt. xviii. 20.

1 COME, dear Lord, thyself reveal!
Come, and make each heart to feel;
Come, and warm each frozen heart;
Come, and bless us ere we part.

2 Come, and ease each burthen'd breast;
Come, and we shall all be blest;
Come, and speak a word of peace;
Come, and make our faith increase:

3 Come, and drive all doubt away;
Come, and teach our souls to pray;
Come, and melt our hearts with love;
Come, and draw our souls above.

4 [Come, and bid each soul rejoice;
Come, and say, "thou art my choice;"
Come with us whene'er we meet;
Come, and bless us as thy sheep.]

532 (C.M.) ST. JAMES'.

Christian union. Gal. iii. 28. Eph. iv. 15, 16. 1 Pet. iii. 8.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part!
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

533 (8.7.) BENEDICTION.

Prayer to the Trinity. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.

534 (148TH.) DARWELL'S.

Prayer for a blessing on the Word. Rom. xv. 13. 1 Cor. iii. 7.

1 ON what has now been sown
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow!
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

535

(7's.) HART'S.

The Sabbath evening. Ex. xxviii. 38. Ps. lxv. 8. Heb. iv. 9.

1 ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee!

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven!

3 Cold our services have been,
Mingled ev'ry prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

4 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead!
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last!

5 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end!

536

(C.M.) BRUNSWICK.

Prayer for a blessing. Gen. xxxii. 26. 1 Cor. iii. 7.

1 LORD, let me not thy courts depart,
Nor quit thy mercy-seat,
Before I feel thee in my heart,
And there the Saviour meet!

2 Water the seed in weakness sown,
And evermore improve:
Make me a garden of thine own;
May ev'ry flower be love\

3 O send my soul in peace away;
For both my Lord hath bought:
And let my heart, exulting say,
"I've found the pearl I sought!"

537 (P.M.) SPANISH CHANT.

A parting hymn. Ps. xxx. 4.

1 ONCE more before we part,
Bless the Redeemer's name!
Let ev'ry tongue and heart
Praise and adore the same!
Jesus, the sinner's Friend,
Him, whom our souls adore,
His praises have no end,
Praise him for evermore!

2 Still on thy holy word
We'd live, and feed, and grow,
Go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know!
Jesus, &c.

538 (8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

Praise for the privileges of believers. Eph. i. 5, 6.

1 THOU God of power and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing,
And veil their faces, while they cry,
"Thrice holy!" to their God Most High,
"Thrice holy!" to their King!

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom all grace is given;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who form'd our ruin'd souls anew,
And makes us heirs of heaven.

539

(C.M.) ST. DAVID'S.

Prayer for grace. Num. vi. 24, 25. Deut. viii. 3.

1 LORD, help us on thy word to feed;
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence!

2 We now desire to bless thy Name;
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the Lord.

540

(L.M.) SAVOY.

Prayer for peace. Num. vi. 26. 1 Sam. i. 17.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood:
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

541

(8.7.) BENEDICTION.

A parting hymn. Num. vi. 24—26. Luke vii. 50.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing!
Bid us all depart in peace:
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation:
Up to thee our hearts we raise,
Till we reach that blissful station,
Where we'll give thee nobler praise.

542

(8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

A parting hymn. Luke xxiv. 50.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing!
Fill our hearts with joy and peace·
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Trav'lling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

543

(8.7.) VIENNA.

Praise to the Trinity. Ps. cxlv. 21.

1 PRAISE the God of all Creation!
Praise the Father's boundless love!
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King, enthron'd above!
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live!
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give!

544

(P.M.) PALMYRA.

Praise to the Trinity. Eph. i. 3—14. Heb. x. 23.

1 ETERNAL hallelujahs
Be to the Father given,
Who lov'd his own Ere time begun,
And mark'd them out for heaven!
Anthems of equal glory
Ascribe we to the Saviour,
Who liv'd and died That we, his bride,
Might live with him for ever!

2 Hail, co-eternal Spirit,
Thy church's new Creator!
The saints he seals, Their fears dispels,
And sanctifies their nature.
We laud the glorious Triad,
The mystic One in essence,
'Till call'd to join The hosts that shine
In his immediate presence.

3 Faithful is he that promis'd,
And stands engag'd to save us:
The Triune Lord Has pass'd his word
That he will never leave us.
A kingdom he assign'd us
Before the world's foundation:
Thou God of grace, Be thine the praise,
And ours the consolation!

545

(P.M.) PALMYRA.

Praise to the Redeemer. Acts xiv. 22. 2 Tim. ii. 12.

1 HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee!

Till thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hands and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise In grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour:
The love divine, That made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall Break through them all
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory,
To which thou shalt restore us;
The shame despise For that high prize,
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand At God's right hand
To call us up to heaven.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 (S.M.) CARLISLE NEW.

JEHOVAH, thee we praise,
The Father and the Son,
Join'd with the Spirit, fount of grace,
And own the Godhead one!

2 (C.M.) YORK.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

3 (L.M.) SAVOY.

NOW let united songs proclaim
The glory of the Father's Name,
The Son adore, the Spirit praise,
One God of everlasting grace.

4 (7's.) HART'S.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

5 (149TH.) HANOVER.

ALL glory to God, the Father and Son,
And Spirit of grace, the great Three in One!
[redacted] highest ascriptions for ever be given,
[redacted] the creation on earth and in heaven!

(113TH.) ANNIVERSARY.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

(8.8.6.) ST. MICHAEL'S.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

(148TH.) DARWELL'S.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest,
As heretofore it was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

(P.M.) LEONI.

OUR songs Jehovah bless,
The Father and the Son,
With thee the Spirit, Source of grace,
In Godhead One!
Ere time arose, thy Name
Was o'er the heavens ador'd,
So let eternal songs proclaim,
Th' eternal Lord.

10 (112TH.) CAREY'S.

IN highest strains which earth can raise,
Now let his church Jehovah praise:
The Father, Son, and Spirit own,
One God, on one eternal throne:
As ages past ador'd his Name,
Let endless years his praise proclaim.

11 (8.7.4.) HELMSLEY.

LO, Jehovah, we adore thee:
God the Father; God the Son;
God the Spirit; join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises,
To the Three in Godhead One!

12 (L.M.) EVENING.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

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before the name (3) *implies that so many words have been*
, on the responsibility of the Compiler.

ame implies, that alterations have been made by that person.
Ierrick & Bickersteth *means that Bickersteth altered a hymn*
ly composed by Merrick.

ltered *after a name means that the hymn has been altered by*
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